

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

NO. 2.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:02 P. M. Daily.	
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:53 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
5:55 A. M.	9:02 A. M.
10:10 " "	10:20 " "
10:30 " "	11:00 " "
11:10 " "	11:40 " "
11:50 " "	12:20 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:00 " "
1:10 " "	1:40 " "
1:50 " "	2:20 " "
2:30 " "	3:00 " "
3:10 " "	3:40 " "
3:50 " "	4:20 " "
4:30 " "	5:00 " "
5:10 " "	5:40 " "
5:50 " "	6:00 " "

STR. CAROLINE. CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.
Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatior, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.	
From the North	9:40 a. m.
From the South	9:40 a. m.
From the North	10:20 a. m.
From the South	10:20 a. m.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. C. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

General Otis telegraphs to the War Department that he is informed by Captain Wright of Flat Ranch, Utah, that the Ute Indians are returning to the agency, and declare that the game warden, who tried to arrest them, opened fire which the Indians did not return. Their guns were in their tents. A further investigation is to be ordered.

The Government has instructed the Governor of the province of Tromsø, the most northern province of Norway, to charter a steamer at the expense of the State, to provision it for six months and to send out a relief expedition for Herr Andree, the aeronaut, who ascended in his balloon, the Eagle, on July 12th last, from Spitzbergen, 1,400 miles northwest of the North Cape of Norway in a proposed expedition to the North Pole.

A special to the San Diego Sun from Hermosillo, Mexico, says: Captain Porter and a sailor named Johnson were murdered on the Tiburon island by the Seris cannibals. They were out for shells and rare birds for a curio company and penetrated a short distance into the interior of the island. When they returned to their boat they met a party of Indians. They fired twelve shots before they were killed. It is not known what became of the remains.

The "Snug Harbor" Home at New York is being investigated on charges of irregularity in the management.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curly Told in This Column.

The first of the ten-inch guns for the fortifications arrived at San Diego from Watervliet arsenal.

The public school at Madera has been closed temporarily on account of a diphtheria epidemic there.

The electric light plant at Visalia is to be run day and night supplying power for running machinery during the day time.

J. S. Cude, who shot and killed Walter Russell in Chico, has been sentenced at Oroville to prison for life. Cude is 70 years old.

It is estimated that between July 1st and August 8th, 10,000 people left the Pacific Coast for the gold fields of Alaska and the Klondike region.

San Diego fishermen are now finding a market for their fish as far east as Texas and Kansas, and there is a demand greater than the present supply.

George Williams, convicted at Stockton of an attempt to wreck a train on the Southern Pacific, has been sentenced to a life term in the State prison.

Ontario is again agitating the question of incorporation. The incorporation now includes only 160 acres, and it is desired to make the 35 square miles.

Judge Torrence of San Diego has given judgment in the sum of \$1500 to Mrs. Sarah McLean in her suit against Mrs. Martha McKenzie for slander.

James Woods, a blacksmith and a member of the Sacramento fire department, is under arrest accused of setting fire to ten or twelve buildings recently.

A stable boy named Houstler was fatally injured at San Francisco on the Ingleside race track through a collision between the race horses Thyme and Coriente.

An English syndicate has invested half a million dollars in a group of gold mines, seven miles southeast of Placerville. The property consists of 10 acres of land.

It is reported that a mysterious disease has broken out at Dawson City, which the physicians are unable to check, and is carrying off an average of five men daily.

The Santa Fe Company has 60,000 barrels of oil in storage and five wells producing oil at Fullerton, and claims to be practically independent of the Los Angeles oil producers.

Two hundred and twenty dogs which are to be used in hauling provisions into the Yukon gold fields have arrived at Seattle, Wash., from Chicago over the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Miss Rose Kell, twenty-four years old, killed herself with carbolic acid in San Jose, at the residence of Richard Delmonley, where she was stopping. The cause of suicide is unknown.

The Woodbridge canal in San Joaquin county has been sold at foreclosure sale. There was a game of freeze out attempted among the owners of the canal, and everybody now comes out loser.

The Sierra Railway Company of California has finished laying track to Jamestown. The work of construction was started in June at Oakdale. The road is forty-four miles long and Jam stown is the terminus.

Two disastrous fires have been caused, by an incendiary in Sequel within the last few days. A large packing-house near Capitola was burned and the packing-house of D. Mogone has also been destroyed.

The Alamos Sugar Company of Los Angeles county has made a contract for the enlargement of the capacity of their factory, and has also purchased thirteen square miles of additional lands, to be cultivated to beets.

The steam schooner Caspar, of San Francisco, Captain Amfinsen, struck on a reef near Point Arena, California, at midnight recently, and became a total wreck. Eleven of her crew of fifteen men are known to have perished.

George D. Meiklejohn, Assistant Secretary of War, has arrived at Seattle, Wash., on his tour of inspection of western army posts. He visited the Magnolia Bluff Reservation and expressed himself as well pleased with its location.

The Monterey Whaling Company has captured two more large whales, one sixty-three feet long and the other forty-one feet. The season's catch thus far is eight whales. The two above mentioned will yield about 110 barrels of oil.

The steamship Al-ki has arrived in Seattle, Wash., from Skagway, hav-

ing on board ninety-one passengers, of whom a majority were disappointed prospectors who had failed in their efforts to get into the promised land of the Klondike.

Over two hundred oil wells, which have been closed down for two weeks, will resume pumping. Over 90,000 barrels have been taken from the tanks during the shut down. The producers believe that the rate of \$1 per barrel desired can now be maintained.

Within an hour's time four fires were started in Fresno, three of which are believed to have been incendiary. All the fires were put out without damage, excepting one, which destroyed the livery stable of J. H. House, and entailed a loss of about \$1,500.

The Sparta, Oregon, stage was held up by two masked men three miles from Baker City. The highwaymen had a lantern, which frightened the horses causing them to run away, and the coach capsized. The driver grabbed the mail sack, and reached the city in safety.

Fowler W. Pope, one of the oldest locomotive engineers in the United States, died recently at Santa Cruz. He was the first engineer of the railroad between Santa Cruz and Pajaro and before coming to California had been engineer on New England and New York roads.

A few of the raisin growers of Fresno have turned their crops over to commission men, and by this act have injured the market to a small extent. However, the great majority of the growers are holding out for three and a half cents, with a good prospect of getting their price.

Anderson Davis, one of the oldest California pioneers, died recently at the home of his daughter in Stockton, at the age of 95 years and 10 months. He was born in North Carolina, and was a pioneer of Kentucky, Missouri and of California, coming to this State nearly forty years ago.

The attempt of A. H. Newton, an aged man, to burn the Oakland ferry buildings while he was delirious from starvation and exposure may indirectly lead to the recovery of a fortune for himself. It appears that his real name is E. N. Parkhurst, and that there is evidence to sustain his claim that he is heir to \$20,000 worth of property in Lowell, Mass.

A large fire was discovered at the Point San Pedro fish camp near San Rafael, and before help could be secured about \$5,000 worth of property was destroyed. This is the second fire at that place inside of a month. After the first fire Wong Woo, a Chinese, was arrested for arson, and is now awaiting trial.

Buried in a pile of music in a cabinet, the missing will of Elijah Price of Berkeley has been found by his widow, Mrs. Louisa Price. The contents of the document furnish possible ground for a contest over the wealthy pioneer's estate. The property is left to the widow and children, but two of the sons are cut off with \$1 each.

Oregon and Washington prune growers have met with misfortune this year in curing their crops, as none of them were prepared to cure the big crops they raised. Then again much of the fruit sold in the Eastern market did not bring prices that would pay for handling and shipping. The loss of the growers from the causes stated is placed at \$200,000.

The directors of the Valley road have contracted with Grant Bros. to grade forty miles from Kern to Bakersfield for between \$45,000 and \$50,000. Other contracts, it is said, will be let within a few days. One of these will be for the construction of a tunnel some 6,200 feet long through the Contra Costa hills, and the cost of the work will be something like \$800,000. Another large contract that will probably be let this week will call for the erection of a steel viaduct across one end of the Alameda valley in Contra Costa county. It will be some 15 feet long.

LATEST NEWS NOTES.

The International Fur Seal Convention opened at Washington in the latter part of October with Russia, Japan and the United States represented.

A fire in the Haywood Brothers & Wakefield Rattan Co's. furniture warehouses in Boston, caused a loss of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Paymaster Otis J. Tiffany, U. S. N., attached to the battleship Monterey, is dead at Vallejo. He entered the naval service as assistant paymaster May 12, 1897, having been appointed from Illinois.

The annual report of Governor McCord of Arizona has been made public. The population of the Territory is estimated at 87,500, an increase over last year of several thousand. The number of Indians in Arizona is estimated at 37,725.

It is estimated that the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad will expend about \$500,000 in water storage dams in Arizona. The dam at Seligman is estimated at \$185,000, and the ones at Ash Fork and Walnut will reach considerably over \$125,000 each.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Hiram C. Truesdale, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona, died recently in Phoenix, Arizona.

Chicago proposes to build a drainage sewer that will carry a large body of water as the Ohio river, and that will cost \$30,000,000.

About 250 employees of F. A. Bachman's dress goods factory at Philadelphia, Pa., are on strike for an advance of 10 per cent in wages.

President McKinley has issued the annual Thanksgiving Day proclamation. Thursday, the 25th inst., is designated as the occasion.

The schooner Donna T. Briggs, a suspected Cuban filibuster, has been detained at Norfolk, Virginia, by order of the Treasury officials.

The general offices of the Wabash Railroad of St. Louis, Mo., have been burned, entailing a loss which the company places at \$500,000.

In consequence of the disastrous news from the Arctic whaling fleet, whalebone has risen to \$4 a pound in the New Bedford, Mass., market.

A tremendous gas explosion occurred in Hartje Brothers' warehouse Pittsburg, Pa. One man was badly burned. The loss was sixty thousand dollars.

Five miners were burned to death in a fire in the Von Storch coal shaft in Scranton, Pa., during one night. The bodies were recovered the next morning.

Counterfeit silver dollars are numerous in St. Louis. The silver in these coins weigh 13 1/2 grains more than the silver in the genuine article, and their fineness is four per cent greater.

A heavy northeast gale swept the Atlantic coast recently, causing a number of maritime casualties, among them the wreck of the Italian bark Francesca, with the loss of one seaman.

Henry George the famous leader of the Single-Taxer and author of "Progress and Poverty," died of apoplexy at New York a few days ago. George was a native of Philadelphia, Pa., aged 58 years.

The Judge Advocate General of the United States Navy, in his annual report, recommends that seamen should have the same privilege of retirement after long service as is now enjoyed by the army.

The survey of the Arizona Pacific Railroad, which was suspended at Geronimo last September, has been resumed, and the survey is being made to the Salt River valley, by way of San Carlos, Globe and Florence.

Walter H. Houghton, under arrest at Denver, Colorado, on the charge of stealing a \$1,000 money package, a few days ago, while acting as postal clerk, has acknowledged the theft and returned all but \$300 of the money.

A special to the Times from Victor, Cal., says four Denver laborers were killed and several others injured by an explosion of dynamite near that city. The men were blasting rock in grading for the roadbed of the Cripple Creek district road.

President McKinley has appointed Medical Director W. K. Van Reypen to be Surgeon-General of the Navy, to succeed Surgeon General Bates, deceased. Dr. Van Reypen is at present a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, which office he has held since 1894.

The 1776 stone house at Tappan, New York, has been blown down by the wind. This is the house where Major John Andre was imprisoned and from which he was taken to his execution on October 20, 1780. It was owned by Dr. Stephens of Tappan, and has been visited by people from all over the world.

The articles of incorporation of a ship canal to pierce the Florida peninsula have been filed in New York State, the capital being \$75,000,000. The ascent of the Tallahassee Legislature has been secured and there seems some possibility of the canal being built. It will be 200 feet wide and take five years to complete.

Severe storms of rain, snow, and sleet have seriously interfered with traffic during the week in the States of Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska. Snow plows have been called into service to clear the tracks. Much damage has been done to telegraph and telephone lines, especially in Denver.

General Brooks has come to the rescue of Captain Lovering, convicted in Chicago, of cruelly treating Private Hammond because he refused to obey some petty order. The sentence of the court martial was that Lovering should be imprisoned for one year, that he should forfeit his pay and be dishonorably discharged. General Brooks has reduced the sentence to six months' imprisonment and a forfeiture of \$10 per month.

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Orders Solicited.

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OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

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This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that

SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

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Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

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Commission Brokers,

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SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

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GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than city prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

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J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :- MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING, ETC., ETC., ETC.

:- Free Delivery. :-

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Four thousand United States pensioners now live in foreign countries. They draw \$600,000 annually.

A New York exchange reports the case of a man who was stabbed in the Tenderloin. No miss steak about that.

A new species of white birds, with long, slender legs has been discovered by gunners in New Jersey. Can they be albino mosquitoes?

The man who made \$10,000,000 out of cigarettes is finally going to join the army that his cigarettes have sent ahead of him to the house-boat on the Styx.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes entertainingly on the subject: "Are American Husbands Henpecked?" Of course they are, but Mrs. Wilcox should not crow over it.

The heir presumptive of the throne of Austria-Hungary has wedded a domestic. It is more than likely that in this mesalliance the domestic has the worst of the bargain.

In Pennsylvania the other day a poet committed suicide because he was hungry. If that were a valid excuse for self-destruction American poetry of the present day would be practically wiped out.

It is estimated that there are twenty-four buffaloes now in the Yellowstone Park—the only ones running wild in the United States. And to think of the thousands that were roaming the plains less than a score of years ago!

The latest sign of the precautions being taken by the United States government to save its men for war is the joint order issued by Secretaries Alger and Long forbidding foot-ball games between the cadets of Annapolis and West Point.

A little more taffy while a man lives and not so much epitaphy when he is dead, is the admonition of a Kansas minister concerning an oft-discussed theme. One of Speaker Reed's happiest hits was his definition was his definition of a statesman: "A politician—who is dead."

Classical Boston speaks of her underground railway system as the subway. May we not expect to hear the elevated road line called the superway? "L road," "L" and "Elevated" are terms which may serve for the ordinary, but superway seems to belong to the realm of high classics.

The sultan of Morocco has been offered a bicycle as a present, but the poor monarch dare not accept it. At any rate, his grand vizier, who is the power behind the throne in Morocco, wouldn't let the sultan ride a bike, because he was afraid he would fall off and get hurt, and the chances are that he would have done so.

The new public library at Great Barrington, Mass., was admirably equipped with one exception—it had no Bible. An eminent jurist discovered this omission and sent a volume of the Scriptures to the librarian with a slightly sarcastic note. But didn't the trouble arise from the fact that there was no demand for the precious volume? Wasn't the fault the patrons' rather than the librarian's?

It is not well to let a misguided spirit of compassion interfere with the proper disciplining of the hobo. In the great majority of cases the tramp is a tramp because he prefers tramping to working. Mendicancy and theft are more congenial to him than labor. He must be dealt with accordingly. The best thing to do with the hobo is to keep him moving. If he is willing to work, that is a different thing. If he won't work he should be driven out of town and kept out.

There is no more remarkable feature in the development of the new South than the rapid growth of cotton manufacturing. Before the war there was scarcely a cotton mill in the South; now there are 482, and they use more than a million bales of cotton a year. During the last ten years the South has made much more rapid progress in cotton manufacturing, relatively, than the North has. In 1887 Southern mills used 401,452 bales of cotton and Northern mills 1,710,080, while in the year ended Aug. 31, 1897, Southern mills used 1,042,671 bales and Northern mills 1,804,080. At this rate cotton manufacturing in the South will soon surpass that of the North.

Penny-in-the-slot facilities are multiplying in London. Thousands of poor families obtain their supply of gas in penny installments, and will soon have the same opportunity with hot water and electric light. It is intended to place side by side with the hot-water pipes connected with the street lamps automatic machines for the delivery of half-penny and penny packets of tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar and meat extracts. The first hot-water lamp in London will be placed in Trafalgar Square, where the unemployed congregate. In appearance the lamps will be but little changed. The heating chamber is in a dome and in no way interferes with the effectiveness of the light.

The adulteration of foods has reached alarming proportions in the United States. It is said by those who have investigated the subject that scarcely any article of food or any drug is not imitated or adulterated by some manu-

facturers. The prevention of such frauds is a matter of grave concern. Certainly if the government takes pains to see that weights and measures shall be correct, much more should it thwart attempts to deceive as to the quality of the goods sold, when that affects the health and life of its citizens. The Department of Agriculture, by direction of Congress, is investigating the character and extent of adulteration. Many of the States have enacted laws to prevent such practices, and it is very desirable to know how these laws have been enforced, and with what results. The department desires information as to specific cases of adulteration, fraudulent labeling, imitation, etc., of foods and drugs.

Much surprise has been expressed that while the price of first-class bicycles has fallen from \$100 to \$65 or \$75 the price of typewriters remains the same. In first hands a \$100 typewriter still costs \$100. The question possesses practical interest, because there ought to be a corresponding decrease in the price of articles manufactured under similar circumstances. Actually the same machinery is used in producing a large portion of the framework, the wire parts and some of the movements of both machines. Within a year or two typewriter manufacturers have been turned into bicycle factories with but little expense. As the bicycle demand fell off and the typewriter demand increased the factories were changed back to the original plan. The same might be said of the price of watch movements, the cost of which constitutes the principal cost of a watch. The machinery in a watch factory can be adapted at little cost to the manufacture of either bicycles or typewriters. The cost of watch movements has decreased so that one of the best of watches can be bought now for one-half what it would have cost ten years ago. An intelligent person explains why the price of the writing machines is as high now as ever, if not higher, as to equal grades. It is the overvaluing trust and combination of interests among manufacturers that keeps up the price of typewriters. The trust markets all the standard machines and controls the trade. The trust must pay enormous dividends. That is why the cost of typewriters is maintained at the top notch of prices, notwithstanding the great reduction in the cost of manufacture.

The rest of the world is in very bad humor just now. Europe is in a bad way. Great Britain is growling at the United States on account of those tiresome seals and Secretary Sherman; also because she holds us in some way responsible for the proposition to have the Bank of England carry one-fifth of its reserve in silver. The continent of Europe has not yet recovered from the adjustment of the treaty between Turkey and Greece, which is now supposed to be finally settled. That treaty is as frankly commercial as was the agreement under which Egypt is now controlled. The overwhelming debt of Greece was the important thing in the settlement; national rights, Turkish justice, former treaties, had little to do with the matter. For an indefinite time to come Greece will be largely ruled by a debt commission. As for France and Russia, they are certainly in a good temper towards each other, and the visit of M. Faure to his imperial ally has had more than a spectacular importance. But whether the alliance is one that makes for peace is another question. Spain is in a turmoil with the change of administration, and no one can tell what a week may bring forth. In Asia, the seriousness of the uprising on the northwestern borders of the Indian empire appears not to have been exaggerated. In Africa, stories of the cruelties connected with the administration of the Congo Free State and the outrages on "liberated" slaves continue to come in. In the Pacific, Hawaii is the center of interest. Reports from Americans living in the islands indicate that unless the United States takes the present opportunity for annexation it will never have another. Altogether, the American nation seems to be better off than any other, if we can stand the abuse which is just now falling upon us from all quarters.

A Fatherly Assurance.
Mrs. Cumrox's son was studying his Latin lesson. There was the tremolo of discouragement in his voice as he remarked:

"I don't seem to get along with this lesson very well, father."

"Can't you say any of it?"

"Yes; I can say 'amo, amas, amat,' and then I always forget what comes next."

"What does those words mean, Johnny?" asked Mr. Cumrox, who deserves credit for being always ready to add to a somewhat deficient early education.

"They mean 'I love, thou lovest, he loves.'"

"It does seem too bad to see you starting in so soon," the old gentleman mused, "with the difficulties that has always surrounded that verb. But you might as well commence young to learn that them words in one way or another causes two-thirds of the both-eration that occurs in this life."

"Please can I quit school, then?"

"No; it wouldn't be any use. You couldn't dodge 'em, and you might as well go right along and get as familiar with them as possible. You'll find that learnin' 'em ain't half the worry that handlin' 'em is after ye know 'em. Cheer up, Johnny, and remember that most of your trouble is still ahead of you."—Washington Star.

Technical Terms.
"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" he asked.

She nodded her sweet permission. So he went to press and I rather guess I printed a large edition.

—National Advantureer.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Missions Throughout the World.

SENATOR E. G. (Hogate of Danville, Ind.), presents the reason for the demand of the laymen of the Methodist Episcopal church for larger representation in the following striking paragraph: "For the fiscal year ending Oct. 31, 1896, there was raised for missions by apportionments made on conference the sum of \$1,149,569.57. Collected from church extension, \$226,752.93. By the report of the book committee at their meeting at New York on February 10, 1897, the book concern had sales for the year of \$1,844,013.36. For these four fiscal years—the receipts were \$3,435,077.51. A colossal sum of money, you will say, and all cheerfully given by the laymen of the church for the most part. How much voice do the laymen have in managing, controlling and overseeing this money? The board of managers of the missionary society consists of eighty-one members—fifty ministers, including all the bishops, and thirty-one laymen. That is, 62 per cent. are ministers. The officers of the society consist of a president, who is a minister; twenty-five vice presidents, of whom nineteen are ministers and six laymen; three corresponding secretaries, all of whom are ministers; a treasurer and assistant treasurer, both of whom are ministers, and a recording secretary, who is a minister. That is, 19 per cent. are laymen and 81 per cent. ministers."

At Oyo in West Africa, a large heathen town of about 60,000 inhabitants, there are seventeen students now in training as evangelists at the C. M. S. institution. Of the eighty-two missionaries employed by the freedmen's board of the United Presbyterian Church in work in the South, thirty-three are colored. Eleven schools are maintained, with an enrollment of 3,445 scholars. There are twelve Sabbath schools and six churches, the expenses for all of which last year were \$53,629.33. Dr. Cottman, of Peking, reports that making a professional visit recently to Li Hung Chang he found that venerable statesman so intently reading a Chinese New Testament which had been given him by an English missionary that he did not notice the presence of his physician for several minutes. In recognition of services rendered by him as physician in the late war with Japan, Rev. B. C. Atterbury, M. D., a missionary of the Presbyterian board, has been honored by the Emperor of China with the Imperial Order of the Double Dragon. The London Missionary Society has been forced to give up its college and normal school in Madagascar at about one-half their valuation. On the arrival of a party of French missionaries the Governor of Madagascar presented the schools to them on the condition that no Englishman should ever enter them. The famine relief works of the Salvation Army in India relieve 7,400 families each week and employ 500 adults. The army has established two famine schools for orphan children, where 450 children are fed and educated. These children have been picked up in the streets and huts, where they had been left to die, and the army must be responsible for them for the next six or seven years.

Scholarship Accumulates Proofs.
Scholarship which has been often of too much service to Satan in tearing down the walls of faith, is now spending its high talents as never before, in rebuilding those walls, and in a way which will make them impregnable for many a year. The Diatessaron of Tatian, not long since discovered, brings proof that the four gospels were written at least two or three centuries before the time usually insisted upon by destructive critics. And, now, the ancient manuscript called the "Sayings of Jesus," which has been picked up out of the rubbish of an Egyptian cloister, brings another, even though faint, confirmation of the fact that the gospels as we now have them were in wide, if not universal circulation very early in the Christian era. Important as this recent "find" may be, it will be important if it will impress us with the fact that the sayings of Christ which we have already, are sufficient for our instruction and salvation. Using the discovery of this ancient manuscript as a text for comment, J. M. Gibbon brings a patent lesson from it. Says he:

"There is something especially solemn about the resurrection of these buried words of Jesus. The breaking of the long, long, silence, what a parable it is! Alas! how many of the words of Christ are buried and silent. How many are buried in us! How much that you committed to memory, or were once familiar with in the New Testament, has been buried long since! The sands have drifted like waves, and now the desert, like a frozen, silent sea, hides away the words of Jesus Christ in you. In you, men and women, even you, young men and young maidens, are there not buried words of Jesus Christ? Egyptian exploration! Yes,

but we need an English exploration. We want some power that shall come exploring through our hearts, plowing up our consciences, searching for the buried words of Jesus Christ."

Cheerfulness.

From the lowest point of view hope is a very cheap, and gladness acts as a sovereign medicine. Sunshine has not a stronger effect in developing the beauty of flowers or the form of leaves than radiance of mind and lightness of heart in bringing forth all which is best in men and women. We have partly found this out as regards children, and society conspires nowadays to render their early years happy. The Japanese recognized that same high duty two thousand years ago, and possess, in consequence, the best-mannered and most joyous little ones in the world. But why stop at childhood? I should like to see the pastimes and recreations of the people made henceforth a department of administrative solicitude. I should like to have a minister of public amusement sitting in every cabinet, and municipal councils spending rates royally upon new popular pleasures of the right kind. There is nothing better than to be happy. Joy is the real root of morality; no virtue is worth praising which does not spring from minds contented and convinced, and free of dread and gloom; no religion was ever divine which relied on terror instead of love; and no philosophy will bear any good fruit which propounds despair and deduces nihilism.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

What Shall I Preach? The heart of man seeks wealth and earthly pleasures, solely:

What shall I preach? the pastor said: Then bowed in prayer his careworn head.

With purpose pure and holy: For he sought not worldly honor or fame, But to help mankind to his Master's name.

"What shall I preach?" the preacher asked Of bishop, elder and of deacon: "Tell all the world our church, alone Is orthodox. Its light has shone, Effulgent, clear, a beacon: Whose rays reveal the rocks and shoals Where other churches wreck men's souls."

"What shall I preach?" The church trustees And board of finance heard the question: "Well, since you kindly ask our views; Beseech prompt payment of church dues. Would be our first suggestion. We hold it proof of Christian living To help our church by liberal giving."

"What shall I preach?" The merchant-prince Replied with manner bland, yet pensive: "Those themes that touch our lives, avoid; Men will not come to be annoyed, And facts are oft offensive. Good taste suggests a better way; Don't be severe; it does not pay."

"What shall I preach?" he asked of her Who lived for fashion and society. "Preach pleasant words. Why should you shock, With future woes, your gentle flock? Be governed by propriety. Our set believes 'tis impolite To speak of subjects that affright."

"What shall I preach?" The answer came From wise professor, high in college: "Praise nature as the primal cause Of all things; from her wondrous law Springs scientific knowledge. All superstitious tales pray shun; The days of miracles are done."

"What shall I preach?" A simple child Said "Sir! I know what best would please us. If you the old sweet story tell Our hearts with love will throb and swell: We want to hear of Jesus. My papa says the battle's won When the preacher holds up God's own son."

Christian Sympathy.

True sympathy is self-effacing, seeks not to help in its own way even though it be the better way in some respects. It realizes that its province is not to remove burdens, but to give the strength to bear them by relieving the pressure already in danger of becoming too severe. This is not easy. It requires patience, sometimes with ignorance and incompetence, more often with wilfulness and pride. It requires faith that sees in the begrimed human form the possible likeness to the Son of God; firmness that suffers no failure to turn it from its course. Above all it requires love, love such as the Master felt for his disciples, nay, such love as he felt for those who rejected him and for those whose forgiveness he prayed. By such sympathy we do what he did for us. We approach unto his high Priesthood, and touched with the feeling of each other's temptations and infirmities contribute our share to the building up of the Kingdom of God by helping others to take their proper place in it.—The Independent.

To Trust and Believe.

How many things are explained by this, our double life, the outward and the inward! and how the experiences of life teach us that it is the inward that is the real and the significant and the lasting! I am sure that the more we are accustomed to look at things in their inward bearing and aspect and consequences, the more truly we see them as God sees and means them. And in that way we find many things in his providence made clearer which would seem dark and strange. But how beautiful, also, it is to trust where we cannot see, and to believe where we cannot explain!—Samuel Longfellow.

Distribution of the Scriptures.

During the sixteen years past, 171,000 copies of the Scriptures have been distributed in Asiatic Russia through the assistance of the American Bible Society, while the number thus distributed in the whole empire is over half a million.

The Library Corner

Sarah Grand has named her forthcoming novel "The Both Book"—which is not especially propitious.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge is publishing through Messrs. Macmillan a volume which conveys its scope in the title "Cameos from English History."

In regard to the enormous sums paid authors nowadays it has been aptly said that if Hall Caine's "The Christian" is worth \$50,000—the sum paid him—then Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was really worth \$1,000,000.

The German edition of Edward Bellamy's "Equality" is to be followed shortly by an Italian edition. The publisher of "Equality" in Italy will be Remo Sandron of Palermo. Although the book was published only recently, it is now appearing in four countries and three languages.

The London Literary World verifies the spelling "Naulakha" (instead of Naulakha), as it appears in Mr. Kipling's book, by saying, "the name merely means 'of the value of nine lakhs,' and was applied to the necklace which figures in the story; as we should say, 'The ninety-thousand pounder.'"

Mr. John L. Stoddard, the popular lecturer on foreign lands, has retired from the platform on account of ill health. All of the lectures he has delivered, together with several new ones, will be published in a series of ten volumes, containing 3,400 illustrations. The first volume is to appear in October.

Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" has gone into its fifth thousand; so has James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible"—two stories which have almost nothing in common, save the fact that they are the work of young American writers. Mr. Davis was in England when his book made its great success there and here. Mr. Allen is about to go abroad (if he has not already started), and will find a cordial welcome awaiting him; for the English press has lauded his work as highly as the papers in this country.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novel "Hugh Wynne" proved to be one of the most successful serials the Century has printed, has written another novel that will appear in this magazine during the coming year. It is called "The Adventures of Francois; Foundling, Adventurer, Juggler, Fencing Master and Servant During the French Revolution." The scene of the story shifts from Paris to the provinces and back again, following the wanderings of the eccentric hero, who participates in many of the thrilling scenes of the revolution. Andre Castaigne will illustrate the novel.

SOME RECENT INVENTIONS.

Clothes lines can be tightened by means of a drum with a ratchet wheel at one end with a hook set in the supporting base to hold the drum after the rope is drawn tight by means of a lever.

In a new mouse trap a metal platform supports a wire bait-holder, the platform and wire being attached to an electric-light circuit to kill the mouse as soon as he completes the circuit by eating the bait.

Door-knobs are being made in two hollow sections with a bell mechanism inside to operate a striking hammer which hits the outer or bell section of the knob when a button in the outside knob is pressed.

Ink can be quickly made from a new preparation which comes in small disks and can be mixed with vinegar and soda or like material to produce effervescent action and liquid ink when the preparation dissolves.

Windows for cars can be easily opened by a new attachment consisting of a cylinder in the car below the window, with a rod running up to the under side of the window frame. By opening a valve in the supply pipe air is allowed to flow into the cylinder to force the rod up and push the window open.

To prevent horses running away where there is no hitching-post a new device has two light chains which are attached at one end to the wagon wheels, the opposite ends being fastened to the lines, so that when the horses start the wheels will pull the chains down and draw the reins in.

An Englishman has patented a new driving mechanism for bicycles, in which treadles are used to produce the power, two rods being bolted on the fork crown, in front, and extending back to hold the pedals. Chains or straps are wound on spring drums on the back shaft and fastened to the ends of the pedal rods, to be drawn out and propel the wheel when the pedals are forced down.

An English Bull.

An English judge, in sentencing a prisoner, perpetrated a bull, which the New York Tribune quotes: "Are you aware," said the judge, "that for these repeated breaches of the law it is in my power to sentence you to a term of penal servitude far exceeding your natural life? And what is more, I feel very much inclined to do it."

Both Had Changed.

She—it is ten years to-day since we were married. I notice a great change in you. You don't kiss me any more. You are not like what you used to be. He—Well, you see, that comes from you, too, not being like what you used to be.—Texas Times.

Some people are high livers simply because they can't afford to pay the ground-floor rents.

SEEKS TO BE QUEEN.

Miss White of Indian Territory Claims the Swedish Throne.

An American woman is a claimant to one of the oldest thrones in Europe; she is Miss Louise White, of Indian Territory, and she asserts that she is the rightful queen of Sweden. At present Miss White is right on the ground. From the window of the hotel room which she occupies in Stockholm she



MISS LOUISE WHITE.

can look across the square to the great, white royal palace from which she hopes some day to oust Oscar II. She has gone to Sweden's capital armed with bundles of documentary evidence and backed by a formidable array of legal talent, and she is prepared to stay there until she can persuade the Swedish people to help her swap her bonnet for a crown, her hotel room for a palace.

And, mind you, Miss White's ambition does not spring from an unsound mind. She is a bright, intelligent American woman, and actually has good grounds for her claim. She alleges and is prepared to prove, she says, that she is a lineal descendant of Sweden's most popular king, Gustavus Adolphus, whose direct descendant, Gustavus IV., was deposed in 1809 because he embroiled the nation in too many foreign wars. Miss White thinks that she could give a better sample of ruling than her unfortunate ancestor.

Every Swede knows that King Oscar is descended from the Barnadotte family, which three or four generations back was not even a noble one, but if Oscar is handicapped in the line of ancestry he has the advantage of Miss White in other respects. In the first place, he has possession, and would probably hold on to his throne as long as possible. Then, he is a very popular monarch, and Miss White, while her claim has been discussed to some extent in the Swedish papers, is personally unknown.

MESSAGE FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Pound of Gold Sent by an Alaskan Prospector to His Mother.

The little bag shown in the picture safely held a pound of gold on the journey from Dawson City to Pittsburg. It was sent by William G. Stoney to the woman he loved best and oftenest remembered in the far-away gold country—his mother. It was first entrusted to Stoney's friend, S. D. Goff, and by him forwarded to Mrs. Stoney. The time was a little more than sixty days. The bag is being preserved by the fond mother, who prizes it more for



A BAG OF GOLD FOR HIS MOTHER.

the assurance it brought her that her son was thinking of her amid the hardships and trials of that far-off country than for the gold it contained.

A Drummer's Mistake.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a Bangor "drummer" who tried to save a lady from leaping from a rapidly moving train. After he had thrown his arms around her and dragged her back into the car she recovered from her surprise enough to call him all the names in the feminine vocabulary and explain that she went out on the platform to wave her handkerchief at some friends. The passengers appreciated it all, but the "drummer" didn't seem to enjoy the situation.

To Ward Off Lions.

In a recent lecture the German traveler Prof. Peehuel-Loeschke declared that the danger from attacks by wild animals in the African deserts and elsewhere was greatly exaggerated, and that the best weapon against attack was an umbrella, which would ward off any lion or tiger.

A Confidence Game.

Jones—Is it true that Deacon Smith fell from grace? Brown—So I understand. Jones—What was the cause of it? Brown—A banana skin, I believe. Jones—Oh! Slipped on the sidewalk, eh? Brown—No; he bought three green ones of a train boy for a quarter.

Some people save all their sympathy until a man is dead; they they make his grave sloppy with their tears.

A SENSATION.

That the world is coming to an end suddenly at a given time is not what is referred to. There are different kinds of sensations, as very many people know who feel sharp twinges of pain in the big nerve of the thigh. Sciatica is a very painful sensation, and the torment of it makes one think something is coming to an end. But just at the first sensation or twinge is the best time to use St. Jacobs Oil. The less pain the more easily it is cured, and the oil prevents its development by soothing the nerve. At any stage it will cure.

Counterfeit silver dollars are numerous in St. Louis. The silver in these coins weigh 13½ grains more than the silver in the genuine article, and their fineness is four per cent greater.

GIVE US REST.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, soon remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

A Boston man recommends kissing as a cure for dyspepsia. Oh, glory. And we have been described as a nation of dyspeptics.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE.

It's the quality that's high in TEA GARDEN DRINK, TORONGGA MAPLE SYRUP and PULITAN LOUISIANA MOLASSES. For sale by first-class grocers in cans only. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.

THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

"King Solomon's Treasure," only Apollonian Tonic known. (See Dictionary.) \$3.00 a box, 3 weeks' treatment. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Don't you think that reckless bicycle riders should be arrested?" asked Bunting. "Certainly," replied Larkin. "The proper treatment of scorchers is to put them in the cooler."

\$2000.00

Economy: save 10 cents on a package of "cheap" baking powder and eat the cake. You couldn't do better—for your doctor.

Schilling's Best money-back baking powder is at your grocer's.

A Schilling & Company San Francisco 2000

All the News

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Telegraphic news from nearby and distant towns. All the news of the Coast. Agricultural news and market reports. Miscellaneous matter of interest to every member of the household.

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Best paper, new type, superior presswork from new presses.

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CHILDREN TEETHING. Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, offsets the fever, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. Dr. J. C. Smith's Rheumatism Cure. One in time, saved by the cure. In time, saved by the cure.

Topics & Times

There are nearly 400 varieties of hummingbirds.

Chinese is spoken by nearly 400,000,000 people.

There are nine kilted battalions in the British army.

The French President's salary is \$180,000 per annum.

Muffs were first used by doctors in order to keep their fingers soft.

The Pope can speak English, Italian, German and French perfectly.

In Japan every child is taught to write with either or both hands.

Within the last fifty years the rate of speed of ocean steamers has tripled.

Only one and a half per cent. of the population of India can read and write.

In the public schools in Japan the English language is required to be taught by law.

In Chicago there is an admirable legal bureau, which gives legal advice to the poor.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow pebbles and small stones for the purpose of grinding their food.

In some parts of Germany the public roads are lined for many miles together with avenues of cherry-trees.

The inhabitants of the United States consume more than half the quinine produced in the world.

It is said that the city of Pittsburgh now stands on ground once given in exchange for a violin.

In the laws of England a couple of centuries ago there were 150 crimes for which death was the penalty.

A new lead-headed nail for use on corrugated roofs has appeared. The head flattens under the hammer and prevents leaking.

In Germany the commonest family name is Muller, and there are said to be no fewer than 630,000 Germans who claim this patronymic.

Automatic boot-blackening machines are being introduced into Germany. A coin in the slot sets it in motion sufficiently long to black a pair.

It is said that the human mouth is surely but steadily moving toward the left of the face, owing to the tendency to chew with the teeth of the left jaw.

The largest and oldest chestnut tree in the world stands at the foot of Mount Etna. It is 213 feet in circumference and is known to be at least 2,000 years old.

A suggestion has been made that the memory of distinguished naval families should be perpetuated in the navy by their names being given to ships of war.

Frogs and toads lay numbers of small eggs. They are dropped in the water, like fish-spawn, in long clusters or strings. The Surinam toad carries her eggs soldered together like a honey-comb on her back.

The greatest portion of Africa is owned by France, with 3,500,000 square miles; next comes Great Britain, with 2,250,000; Germany and Portugal, 900,000 square miles each; Italy, 600,000 and Spain 250,000 square miles.

According to an East Indian paper a novel experiment is to be tried at the military gasworks at Allahabad. The manager has come to the conclusion that a dead horse will make almost as good gas as the best Newcastle coal.

The industry of ostrich-taming is a very profitable one in Africa, where it is computed there are more than 150,000 tame birds. Their habits are very strange. Both male and female assist in the incubation, and the young feed at first on surplus eggs laid outside the nest for that purpose.

A touching old rural custom prevails in the west of France during the harvest season. On the edge of a field bordering the highway a sheaf of grain is left standing, to which all the peasants in the village contribute, and which is called "the stranger's wheat," as it is the property of the first tramp or other wayfarer who may care to carry it away and profit by it.

They Like the Country.

"Naval officers always settle in the country when they can," remarked a prominent officer to a Star reporter. "During their active careers, that is, during the time they are at sea, they are necessarily cramped for room, and while some of them on the large modern ships have elegant and sumptuous quarters, there is necessarily a limit to it. This thing frowns on a man to such an extent that the first thing he does when he is retired, and in hundreds of cases long before retirement, he hunts up and locates on a farm. Three of the admirals on the retired list, headed by Admiral Ammen, are the owners of farms in the immediate locality of Washington, and any number of other officers are similarly provided for, though their farms are not so extensive. They seem to want stretching room, and it will be noticed that when they do locate they secure big places. Their minds run into stock and chicken raising. The officers of the Marine Corps have been noted for years as the owners of the speediest horses owned or driven about Washington, and they have been always prominent in connection with our racing associations and organizations. Naval officers have been similarly prominent. It is different with army officers. Their ambition seems to be for nice houses in the cities. The naval officers' ideas all run toward the country. I don't like to give names, but I could give dozens of illustrations to prove what I say, if it were necessary. Take a look at the in-

coming cars from any of the suburban places around Washington any morning, and there will be sufficient proof of what I say."—Washington Star.

INCREASED MAGNIFYING POWER

Difficulties in the Way of Obtaining It in Telescopes.

The question of increasing the power of the telescope is one that has engaged the attention of practical astronomers and lens-makers for over 200 years, and every possible device that seemed likely to accomplish the result has probably been tried in the effort to augment the magnifying power of this wonderful instrument. The new Yerkes telescope will, it is stated, bring the moon to an apparent distance of 100 miles from the earth, and to the uninitiated reader it would seem as though additional lenses could be provided which would still further decrease the apparent distance of the moon and stars. If, for instance, another telescope equal in power to the Yerkes could be placed at the end of that instrument, the ordinary reader does not always understand why the magnifying power would not be doubled. As a matter of fact, such an addition to a telescope is an impossibility, and even the limit of the telescopic machinery and of the lenses seems to have been nearly reached. The great lenses now manufactured require years for their completion, and even after they are finished and placed in position in the telescopes, great difficulty is sometimes experienced from causes unsuspected by those who have had no practical experience with the use of such instruments. A telescopic tube is of great length and enormous weight, and although every precaution is taken to guard against vibration, there are, from time to time, differences in the machinery, caused not only by trifling tremors in the instrument, but also by contraction from cold and expansion from heat. Larger telescopes than the Yerkes and Lick may yet be constructed, but before they are, means must be devised for overcoming the difficulties which now lie before the telescope builders.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Monstrosity.

A remarkable curiosity—or perhaps it should be called a monstrosity—the like of which was never before heard of by Superintendent Stephan, was discovered at the Zoo yesterday. It seems that white rats and white mice have lately come into unprecedented favor with the children and women of Cincinnati. Learning of this, Superintendent Stephan about seven weeks ago bought 10 white rats. They seem to be a race unto themselves, having pink eyes and dainty appetites, and set them to multiplying. Almost beyond belief as it may seem, yet in these seven weeks those ten white rats have become fifty. Being in a cage somewhat removed from view, little attention has been paid the record-breaking family until yesterday, when the Superintendent took a good look at the snowy white rodents. The result was that he discovered that one of the little fellows was formed and fashioned almost exactly like a wild boar. Most prominent of all the marks were two long tusks growing out of the sides of the mouth, and curving upward to fully twice the length of the head. These tusks are a hard, bony growth, and shine like well-kept finger nails. They are about as thick as the lead in a pencil and sharp as needles. On making the discovery, the superintendent immediately placed the little wonder in a cage by itself, and intends raising it with the greatest care. When molested, the little thing grunts like a pig, instead of making the noise common to its kind. Its mouth and nose also resembles those of a hog.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Grateful Tyranny.

Summary measures may often be taken when human motives conflict. If only, at the same time, "mercy seasons justice."

When Sir Richard Burton was British Consul at Damascus, his wife, Lady Isabel, found that a large wooden gate, in the garden next hers, swung continuously on its hinges, and that it was keeping one of her guests, an English official, awake at night.

The garden belonged to an old woman, and Lady Burton asked her to have the gate fastened; but she sent back word that it was impossible. It had been broken for years, and she had no money to repair it. So the English lady took the law into her own hands. That night her guest slept well, and at breakfast he asked gratefully how she had managed about the gate.

"If you will look out of the window," said she, "you will see it in the courtyard. I had it pulled down at sunset."

He drew the long face of official rebuke.

"Oh!" he said; "but you really must not treat people like that! Suppose they knew of these things at home?"

"Suppose they did," echoed she, laughing.

After her guest's departure, she ordered the gate to be mended and replaced at her own expense; and the next time she went out, the little old woman next door ran after her, crying: "O thou light of my eyes, thou sun-beam! Come and sit by the brook in my garden, and honor me by drinking coffee, and Allah grant that thou mayest break something else of mine, and live forever!"

At the Insurance Office.

"Hi! I want to insure my furniture for \$1,000. Hurry up!"

"What's your hurry? We must make inquiries first."

"I don't want inquiries. I'm in haste."

"Why such special haste?"

"The house is alight and going like blazes."—Exchange.

The man who indulges in mud-throwing always soils his own hands.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

First Trousters.

Little man, little man.

With your little trousers blue, I wish that I were happy.

My little man, like you, Is there ever anything in life

That gives such pleasure true As this first pair of trousers,

So stunning and so new?

Little man, little man.

You with sturdy stride and bold, Pray, have you seen my baby boy?

He passed this way, I'm told. His little dress is fresh and white,

His clustering curls are gold—He's naught else but a baby.

For he's but three years old!

Little man, little man.

Why, can it really be? When I ask if you've seen him,

You say that you are he! You, with your stride and trousers,

And magic pockets three! 'Tis quite hard to believe it,

You look so strange to me, —Life.

Poor Pussy's Fate.

All New York was interested in the fate of a poor little black and white pussy a few days since. It seems that the cat either fell or jumped from the roof of a building and landed on a lintel of a window in the fourth story. Here the unfortunate animal remained for four days and nights. Crowds of

people gathered in front of the building daily and speculated on ways and means to release it from its predicament. Dr. Bell, who lives in the building, has a warm heart, so he improvised a small staging on the house-painter's chain, and swung it down from the roof. On it were meats and drinks, which pussy tucked under his furry coat. Attempts were then made to drag the animal up to the roof by low-

erling a blanket, to which the animal was expected to cling. He didn't cling.

A rigger from Brooklyn finally tried to save poor pussy by means of a boat-swin's chain, in which a man was hoisted up to the lintel. As he neared the cat it waxed nervous, humped its back and stretched out its claws. Nearer and nearer came the rigger; he reached out his hand to grasp the "pussy cat"—then there was a tragedy! With a wild howl of despair the feline launched himself out from the

lintel. There was a dark object flitting through the air for a moment, and then a defunct cat, killed in its nine existences, was lying upon the pavement.

Tabby was owned by Mrs. Dorff, a janitress. On the day it landed on the lintel it stole two chops and a juicy porterhouse steak from its indulgent mistress. The latter chastised it severely and it resented it. It fled to the roof and from that point reached its last roosting place.

A Little Prince Who Wouldn't Wash.

Little princes are much like other children. The son of the Crown Prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day his governor reported him to his father. "Very well," said the Crown Prince, "after this let him go unwashed."

So the next morning the Prince did not have his face washed, nor his hands, and he went out to walk with

his governor, feeling proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the Prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by. This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood still and saluted, and did not salute. The Prince looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute. When the walk was finished and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the Prince, the little fellow dashed into his father's arms, exclaiming:

"Papa! papa! You must whip all your soldiers! They refuse to salute me when I pass."

"Ah, my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower bath every morning.

Odd Things About Rainbows.

Did you ever see a rainbow in the west?

In discussing this curious question the Philadelphia Times gives some interesting facts in regard to a rainbow and how it is formed.

1. It is never seen except when the sun is shining in one part of the sky, and rain is falling in the other, or opposite, part.

2. It is generally seen in the east, because our showers come from the west and pass off toward the east.

3. It cannot be formed in the east except in the afternoon.

4. It cannot be formed in the west except in the morning.

5. It is never seen at midday, because the sun is then above us, and we cannot, therefore, stand between it and the rain.

Some of you may wonder why a rainbow is always semi-circular in shape. As a matter of fact, it is always a complete circle, but we can see but one-half of the circle, because the earth cuts off our view. If we were poised in the air, high above the earth, we could see it all. The circular shape is due to the fact that the raindrops are round and that each drop reflects but one color to our eyes. It may strike you as a strange thing, but it is true, that no two persons see the same bow. That is because no two persons can possibly occupy the same position, and thus the reflections fall differently upon their eyes.

FOR THE CZAR'S SAFETY.

Regulations Sometimes Cause Death to Others.

The Russian Emperor rarely travels by rail for any distance from St. Petersburg without the death being recorded of some unfortunate individual who has approached too close to the railroad tracks in defiance of the warnings of the sentinels by which it is guarded, and who in consequence thereof has been shot dead. An incident of this kind occurred during the recent journey of the imperial couple from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, and the fact has now been brought to light that the peasant thus killed was an old grandfather who had become stone deaf through age, and who therefore could not hear the challenge addressed to him by the sentinel. Deeply distressed as is the Czarina by the occurrence, no blame can be attached to the soldier, who merely acted in obedience to the very stringent orders which he had received. For days before the Czar travels along any railroad line the latter is patrolled on both sides by sentinels, who are stationed at a distance of 200 yards from one another. They keep their eyes open, but otherwise are allowed to take it easy, taking what is known as the "first position," the rifle being slung from the shoulder. Six hours before the passage of the imperial train they assume the "second position." That is to say, they shoulder their rifles and march briskly up and down with every mental faculty on the qui vive. An hour before the imperial train passes they assume the "third position," standing with their backs toward the line and the train, and allowing no one under any circumstances to approach within a hundred yards of the track until ten minutes after the Emperor has passed. Should any one attempt to approach they have orders to challenge, and if the individual continues to approach in spite of challenge and warning they have orders to shoot to kill.—Chicago Record.

A Workman's Idea of the Drama.

Walter A. Wyckoff, in Scribner's, tells in his narrative, "The Workers," what one of them thought of Shakespeare: "When I go to the theater I go to laugh. I want to see pretty girls and lots of them, and I want to see them dance. I want songs as I can understand the words of, and lots of jokes, and horse play. You don't get me to the theater to see no show got up by Shakespeare, nor any of them fellows as lived two thousand years ago. What did they know about us fellows as is living now? Pete, you mind that Tim Healy in the union, him that's full of wind in the meetings? Once he give me a book to read, and he says it's a theater piece wrote by Shakespeare, and the best there was. I read more'n an hour on that piece, and I'm d-d if there was a joke into it, nor any sense neither."

Paint Is Never Dry.

The Forth bridge in Scotland is constantly being repainted. So vast is the structure that it takes fifty tons of paint to give it one coat, and the area dealt with is something like 120 acres.

THE CAT'S LOFTY PERCH.

HOW DR. BELL FED PUSSY.

THE FATAL LEAP.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering. Over one hundred thousand women were successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham last year. Such are the grand results of her experience.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 10th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$2.00
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Three Months, " .65

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

The Otago press entered upon its tenth volume last week.

The first carload of oranges of this season was shipped from Porterville to Boston on the 8th inst.

The Oakland Enquirer is making an earnest fight in favor of the Hon. Wm. R. Davis of Oakland as the Republican nominee for Governor.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian premier, with other Dominion officials, has arrived in Washington ostensibly to discuss the Bering Sea business, but really to use his efforts to bring about an adjustment of all the questions which have been causing more or less friction between Canada and the United States.

There is no good reason why the relations of the two countries should not be entirely amicable.

In disposing of the Durrant case without hearing argument or wasting any time upon the technical points raised upon appeal, the U. S. Supreme Court has virtually decided that Durrant had no standing before that august tribunal, and any further attempt to obtain Federal intervention by appeal will be a clear case of trifling with justice to further prolong the life of the worthless murderer, and will, it is to be hoped, prove of no avail.

GOOD PRICES.

Grainman have not been the only class benefited by the advance of prices within the past twelve months. Stockmen have also enjoyed their full share of the improved conditions and improved market, as a glance at the prices of today as compared with those of one year ago, will clearly demonstrate. By reference to the market reports published weekly in The Enterprise, we find that one year ago the Western Meat Company was paying at this place for first-class steers 5 1/2 to 6 cents per pound, and that today the same company is paying 7 to 7 1/2 cents. Here is an advance in beef cattle of 25 per cent in the past twelve months.

One year ago this company was buying sheep and paying for wether's dressing, 50 lbs., 2 1/4 to 3 1/2 cents per pound; at present the same company is paying for the same grade of sheep 3 3/4 to 4 cents, or an increase of 60 per cent.

Even hogs, which were the only stock bringing a good price one year ago, have, we find, advanced over 10 per cent within the past twelve months.

THE MILK IN THAT COCOANUT.

The talk of the Sugar Trust press about coolies and contract labor in Hawaii is a cunning, but rather transparent device, intended to prejudice honest men against annexation. The Spreckels influence was at one time potent in the islands and may become supreme again, more especially should annexation fail and the defeat of this paramount issue of the present island government deprive the Dole administration of power. Under an independent island government the continuance of coolie importation and contract labor is possible. An overwhelming majority of the people of the United States are earnestly opposed to contract labor in any form and to Asiatic immigration as well, and have passed laws to prevent the one and restrict the other, and will continue legislating in this regard, until they have accomplished their purpose. The Hatch treaty prohibits the migration of Chinese from Hawaii to the United States.

Let the annexation scheme collapse and see how quickly the Sugar Trust crowd would grasp at power in Hawaii with the design of perpetuating in the islands the coolie contract labor they are now decrying. It would have been just as reasonable to have looked to the slave holders of ante-bellum days to abolish slavery as to believe the

Sugar Trust people when they talk against coolie contract labor.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Mr Filley's attack on Mr. Hanna is a reminder of the fact that the Missouri boss got in the way of the McKinley boom a year ago last June and has not yet outlived his bruises.—S. F. Chronicle.

Joaquin Miller, the eccentric Californian poet, has gone to the Klondike. To keep him warm in that frozen land, Mr. Miller probably relies upon his inexhaustible reservoir of lurid tropical poetry.—Exchange.

Evidence of business prosperity continues to be found in the reduction of the number of business failures. Bradstreet's Trade Review reports the number of failures last week only 198, compared with 237 in the preceding week, 279 in the corresponding week of last year, 289 in the corresponding week of 1895, and 340 in the corresponding week of 1893.—Exchange.

The remedy for the tramp evil is as ancient as it is simple—"by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." When the tramp is required to work for what he gets, he will cease to be a tramp. Dissolute boys and men deliberately choose tramp life, because they find in it the possibility of living without work—or what they consider work. The unthinking people who hand out food and old garments to this class, help to make vagabondage an attractive profession.—Learning by Doing.

It is a great strain on the constitution of Ohio to go Republican in an off year. But it seems likely that she will survive it. She never did it but once before in the forty years that have elapsed since she first cast her electoral vote for a Republican candidate for President. She made a heroic effort this time to follow the precedent and swallow Bryanism for a change, but it would not go down. She will soon be convalescent, however. Perhaps her off year habit will now be effectually broken up.—Lincoln (Nebraska) Journal.

SAVINGS OF THE POOR.

Is It Right That They Should Be Used for the Profit of Others?

One of the principal reasons put forth in opposition to the establishment of postal savings banks is that the government ought not to interfere in any way with the business of private bankers by taking for safe-keeping deposits which they might like to handle.

Opposed to the general principle laid down by the opponents of postal savings banks as the basis of their opposition is another principle which The Record believes is more pertinent to the particular subject under consideration. It is that private individuals ought not to be allowed to make a profit from handling the small savings of the poor. This principle is one that is recognized not only in most civilized countries abroad, but also in those parts of the United States where wealth is most abundant and where provisions for the protection of property of all kinds are most highly developed. In the New England States and New York, the only portion of this country at all adequately supplied with savings-bank facilities, bankers are not allowed, as in Illinois, to regard the small savings of the poor as funds to be invested for their own private enrichment. The savings banks of those States are mutual institutions, managed by trustees who serve without compensation and who derive no profit from the loaning of the funds intrusted to their care. No other kind of savings bank is permitted by law. The savings of the poor are held so sacred that it is deemed unwise to allow bankers to use them for private profit for fear the tendency to speculate with the funds and invest them in questionable securities because these pay high rates of interest might result in loss and hardship to a class that it should be especially the object of society to protect.

If we are not to have postal banks, then the states of the west and south should imitate the example of New England and New York and make provision for mutual savings institutions for the accommodation and safety of the small depositors. The principle should be recognized in practice the country over, as it is in the extreme eastern states and in Europe, that the small savings of the poor should not be used for the profit of those to whose care they may be intrusted. But if this principle is to be carried out, there will be much less reason why the government should not itself directly care for these small savings, for then the undertaking of this work would not be held to be interference with the profitmaking purposes of private bankers.—Exchange.

THE HICKS 1898 ALMANAC AND PAPER.

We are informed that the 1898 Almanac of Prof. Irl R. Hicks is now ready, and judging from its past history, it will not be many weeks in finding its way into homes and offices all over America. It is much larger and finer than any previous issue. It contains 110 pages, is splendidly printed and illustrated on fine book paper, having the finest portrait ever given of Prof. Hicks. It can no longer be denied that the publications of Prof. Hicks have become a necessity to the family and commercial life of this country. His journal, Word and Works, aside from its storm, weather and astronomical features, has taken rank with the best literary, scientific and family magazines of the age. Do not believe hearsay and reports. See

the Hicks Almanac and paper for yourself. You will then know why they are so popular. They are educators of the millions, and unrivaled safeguards to property and human life. It is a matter of simple record that Prof. Hicks has foretold for many years all great storms, floods, droughts and tornadoes, even the recent terrible drought over all the country. The Almanac alone is 25 cents a copy. The paper is \$1.00 a year with the Almanac as a premium. Send to

WORD AND WORKS PUB. CO.,
2301 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

BAD THOUGHTS.

[Contributed.]
Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity and undermine the stablest foundation of character. They eat into the man, and when the process has gone on for awhile, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down goes the manly character in a mass of ruin. Ships go out to sea, all bright with fresh paint, their sails all spread and streamers flying—and never come back—never reach port. Why? They met a storm and went down, because they were rotten. Under the paint was decay. Just so, bad thoughts. Vile, impure thoughts and imaginations rot the manly oak of character, ruts the iron of principle, slacken all the stays of virtue, and leave the man, the woman, to the violence of temptation, with no inter or of reserve power to withstand the shock. Bad thoughts, fed and fattened, are the bottom vice of society. M'iss.

MADE IN MAINE.

Interesting Facts About the Genesis of Spools and Shoe Pegs.

"Oxford county, Me., turns out nearly all the spools on which the sewing thread of this country is wound," said a wholesale dealer in such articles to the writer. "The spools are made from white birch timber, and they are produced by the million in Oxford county. There are many other parts of western Maine, also, where the industry is important. There are numerous sawmills in that part of the state which are kept busy all the year round sawing white birch logs into strips 4 feet long and from 1 to 2 inches wide and of the same thickness. These strips are sent to the spool factories, where they are quickly worked into spools by the most ingenious labor saving machinery.

"The strips of white birch are fed into one machine, and they are not touched, in fact, are hardly seen again, until the spools, all finished for market except polishing, drop out by the bushel from another machine several rods away from where the strips started in. The spools get their gloss by being rapidly revolved in barrels, turned by machinery, the polish resulting from the contact of the spools in the barrel.

"In the backwoods villages of Oxford county one sees scarcely any other industry but spoolmaking, and every person in the neighborhood is in some way interested in the business. The factories have been eating into the Maine birch forests for years, but there still seems to be enough of the timber left to feed the machinery for many years to come. Hundreds of thousands of feet of logs are cut and sawed into spool timber annually.

"Shoe peg factories are also an important branch of business once peculiar to Maine, although it has of late been followed to some extent in other eastern states and is spreading to the hard wood forests of northern Pennsylvania. Maple is used largely in the manufacture of shoe pegs, although white birch is used at some factories. Shoe pegs are sold by the bushel and are worth all the way from 75 cents to \$1 a bushel, according to quality. More than \$150,000 was received by Maine shoe peg factories last year for goods.

"A curious and profitable business has grown up in the Maine woods near the sawmills in the utilizing of the immense quantities of sawdust by compression. Thousands of tons of this waste material are bought for a mere nothing and are pressed into compact blocks and bales, and in this form is finding a ready market for kindling and fuel in eastern cities."—Washington Star.

Pipe Made of a Seal's Tusk.

A pipe made out of a seal's tusk was seen at the Wear office recently. The stem is nearly a foot long and is quaintly illustrated with representations of life under the arctic circle.

The artist was an Indian, and the little sketches in India ink show up very well against the ivory background.

There is a reindeer about to fall under the arrow of an archer. There is a sledge drawn by dogs. Fir trees, tepees, a fishing scene, where the captives are being brought to shore in a net, are all true to life.

Another ornament of the same character is a pair of walrus tusks, with delineations of other Alaskan scenes, with the fox and the white polar bear in evidence; also an Eskimo leveling a gun at the latter.

It is said that to add to the terrors of overland travel in the long winter months the larger wild animals are often driven by hunger to attack the trails-men, and packs of ferocious wolves will besiege a camp for days, attacking the horses and reindeer as well as the dogs. More than one caravan has been done to death in this manner, as the whitened bones strewn along the tracks show.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her 21 years and never did it before."

The temperature of the cucumber is a degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. It is, therefore, apparent that the expression "cool as a cucumber" is scientifically correct.

The Wheat King.
The "wheat king" of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian immigrant named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested, he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with the grain.

Rare Felicity.
She—Such lovely bargains as there are at that new place!
He—Ah?
She—Yes, silks at 18 cents, and in a store so small that a hundred persons crowd it to suffocation!—Detroit Journal.

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Child's Picture Books, bound, 5c to 25c
Bound Books, for family library, 15c, 25c, 50c
Dolls, for little folks, 10c, 15c, 25c
Dolls, for little folks, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50
Games, more than ever before, 10c to \$5.00
Christmas and Thanksgiving goodies for the table, everything for the Christmas tree, everything for father, mother, sister and brother. Send for our list.

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LOCAL NOTES.

The fields and hills are green again. Don't forget the excursion this evening.

Tree planting may commence at any time.

New goods this week at the People's Store.

Fresh drugs at Dr. Holcomb's drug store.

C. F. Newman left on Wednesday for Athlone, Cal.

The annual Thanksgiving falls upon Nov. 20th this year.

Frank Miner's teams are at work plowing the Furrer ranch.

Frank Holcomb of San Francisco paid our town a visit on Monday.

This is a good time to renew your subscription and pay the printer.

The Baden Brick Company has repaired the road to the brick yard.

A sister of Howard Werner is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. J. McChen.

James Callan has rented the Hynding building and removed from Colma to this place.

John P. Newman is building an addition to his residence on Commercial avenue.

John Riley drove a band of fat cows through town on Thursday on his way to Butchertown.

Aid the organ fund by purchasing a ticket for the moonlight excursion on the lay this evening.

This is a good time to begin the good work of planting trees and beautifying your grounds.

The school entertainment next Saturday evening will be the most interesting local event of the season.

Miss Cecelia O'Reilly of Portland, Oregon, arrived on Thursday to spend a few weeks visiting Mrs. W. J. Martin.

We understand there is a case of gout in town, a warning against indulging in things too rich for one's blood.

Mrs. James Goggin was brought home from St. Mary's Hospital on Wednesday considerably improved in health.

The Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) a 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 4 p. m.

Payment of subscriptions to the Enterprise will be acceptable. Everything costs money to keep going—even a newspaper.

Mrs. W. S. Money has been quite ill the past week, but, under the care of Dr. Holcomb, we are pleased to learn she is improving.

Public appreciation of Captain Leale's generosity can best find expression by the occupation of every inch of space aboard the Caroline this evening.

If you see Billy Meagher of San Jose, ask him to tell you S. L. Akin's goat story. No use to print it, because the boys up this way are on to S. L.'s yarns.

Everybody and his wife or his best girl and their sisters and cousins and aunts will be aboard the steamer Caroline this evening for the moonlight excursion on the bay.

The Company's locomotive and coach will convey excursionists to and from the Company's wharves tonight, leaving South San Francisco at 7:25 and the wharves at midnight.

The recent experience of a member of the Baden Gun Club, who sank to his waist in mud, is a warning to hunters of the treacherous nature of the marsh lands. Had it not been for the timely aid of his hunting companion, the Gun Club would have been short one valuable member.

Notice has heretofore been given owners of stock not to stake their animals near enough to the sidewalks that such animals can reach the trees to injure them or get upon the sidewalk. This rule is being violated of late, and notice is hereby given that hereafter stock found so staked will be turned over to the pound keeper.

On Tuesday morning the northbound through passenger train, which is due to arrive at San Francisco at 8:35 a. m., ran through an open switch and crashed into a flat car loaded with iron standing on the side track. But for the presence of mind and prompt action of Engineer John McCarthy in reversing his engine and jamming down the airbrakes, there might have been a serious loss of life. As it was, there were no casualties beyond some bruises and the wreck of the engine, baggage car and smoker.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

An entertainment will be given by the children of our public school under the direction of the teachers on the evening of Saturday, November 20th, at Hanesbrough Hall. The exercises will consist of recitations, a drill, lullaby songs, tableaux, and a medley of darkey songs, etc.

The hall will be decorated and fitted especially for the occasion and every pupil, young or old, will take and play his or her part in the evening's entertainment. Every father and mother and every citizen of this town and school district should be, and we trust, will be, present. These school entertainments come but once a year at best. Let everybody turn out and give the children a benefit. Those who do will receive more than they give in the way of pleasure and amusement. The doors will open at 7 o'clock, and the exercises begin at 7:30 p. m. We shall be able to give a full programme of this interesting affair in our next issue.

FOR RENT.

A three-room cottage, cheap. Inquire of J. L. Wood or at Postoffice.

PRESS NOTES.

CALMLY TALKS OF HIS BRUTAL CRIME

SLAYER FLANNELLY'S STORY.

How and Why He Killed His Old Father.

Story of the Tragedy as Related to the Jailers—Murderer Shows No Remorse.

San Jose, November 8.—Thomas Flannelly, who murdered his father and Sheriff McEvoy in Redwood City a few weeks ago, endeavors to maintain the strictest secrecy regarding the incidents preceding the tragedy, but he inadvertently gives statements now and then which, when connected, throw new light upon the tragedy.

Flannelly maintained a rigid silence to all newspaper men, but, to his attendants in the County Jail he is more communicative, and, according to their story, he has given the following explanation of his crimes:

"The old man had threatened on several occasions to take the dairy away from me if I didn't behave myself, but I never thought he really intended to do it until I saw him on the day of the shooting, and he told me that as I had made up my mind to disobey his wish, he had made up his mind to take the place away from me. I told him if he did it, it would be to his sorrow and at his peril."

"That evening, when I found out that the old man had taken legal steps to take the place away from me, I went to see him to ask what he meant. I had made up my mind if he did take the place to do him. When I started to talk to him that evening he refused to discuss the subject with me and told me that he had talked to me all that he was going to, and had now decided to act. I gave him to understand that if he carried out his threat I would do something desperate. He understood what I meant, but told me that he had nothing to say because he had already had the papers issued which would force me to give up the dairy. He ordered me to leave the room, saying he didn't care to have any more words with me. It was then that I let him have it."

I then left the house, and when my sister came to the door and asked me what I had done, I told her I had shot the old man through the brain. I then got on my horse and went to the dairy. I went into one of the rooms where my rifle was and carried the same to my bedroom, where I placed it near the bed so as to be within easy reach in case of intrusion.

"Of course, I expected visitors. My pistol had only one cartridge left, but I put this under my pillow in case of emergency. I heard the officers when they came to the house, and I heard the milkster let them in. They came directly to my door and hollered out for me to let them in. I didn't know from the voices who they were, and kept still. Then they hollered out that if I didn't open the door they would smash it down, and I told them if they did I would shoot the first man that entered the room. I then reached for the rifle and awaited the attack. The door flew open a few minutes later, and I let the intruders have it as quick as I could fire. I didn't recognize McEvoy's voice or I wouldn't have shot him, as Mac was a good friend of mine and I always liked him and supported him for Sheriff. I couldn't tell who it was coming in the room, and I was not going to take any chances, as I had \$70 with me which I did not care to part with."

The murderer's condition has improved a great deal the past two weeks. He is now able to dress with the assistance of his attendants, and spends the greater part of his time sitting in the jail corridor, smoking cigarettes or playing cards. He never shows the slightest sign of regret or remorse for his crimes, but, on the other hand, seems entirely satisfied with his position. To a Chronicle representative today he said he had no idea when his preliminary examination would be held out, stated that his brother-in-law, who visited him about a week ago, had told him that the feeling in Redwood was still very warm.—S. F. Chronicle.

SMALL SAVINGS.

Advantages of the Proposed System of Postal Banks.

Postmaster-General Gary's plan to establish small branch savings banks in every postoffice, with a great central deposit bank in Washington, ought to take hold of the common sense of the people.

It settles very simply the troublesome question: "What shall be done with small savings?" Small savings worry both possessors and public.

The possessors who have deposited their money, distrust banks. Those who have not deposited it keep awake over their stocking-tip hoards or dream of burglars.

In time of plenty bankers do not care to receive small savings. Insignificant deposits do not pay for the bookkeeping they entail.

Moreover, there are large numbers of people who cannot reach banks. In time of panic small savings do not get into the banks. They are hoarded, and the rational circulation of currency becomes anemic.

The proposed postal savings bank system will be safe enough to draw forth the most cherished hoard, and will be right at hand in the most remote districts. The whole credit of

the nation will be back of it.

Under this plan any man, woman or child over ten years of age may fill out a slip at any postoffice, pay the postmaster the deposit and receive a bank book. By application a few days beforehand, he may withdraw his money at will. While the deposit is in the hands of the Government it will draw a moderate interest.

Thus at small cost the system will accomplish a great benefit to the people.

It will be safe as long as the Government is safe. Depositors will have an interest in seeing that the Government is not imperiled. Thus the system will stimulate patriotism.

It will break up hoarding and keep money in circulation. This has been proved by England, where the system began thirty-six years ago.

The chief disadvantage of the measure proposed is its possible effect upon small savings banks in county seats everywhere about the country. These institutions will probably oppose it. But their weight can hardly balance the weight of the popular advantages of the system.

It is now upon a firm basis in England, France, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, Russia, Hungary and even Japan. In Canada it has proved a striking success.

Its introduction into America is likely to be one of the glories of this administration.—Fourth Class Postmaster.

GREAT MUSIC OFFER.

Send us the names and addresses of three or more performers on the piano or organ together with ten cents in silver or postage and we will mail you ten pieces full sheet music, consisting of popular songs, waltzes, marches, etc., arranged for the piano and organ. Address: Popular Music Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

A TRIFLE TOO MUCH.

How an Old Dorky's Sympathy Was Unfeelingly Imposed Upon.

General Nichols of Louisiana commanded a brigade of infantry during the valley campaign in Virginia which so immortalized the name of Stonewall Jackson. In one of the three famous victories over Banks, Milroy and Shields, says the Nashville American, the Louisiana brigade bore a conspicuous part, and its gallant commander was carried from the field mortally wounded, as every one supposed, but good nursing and skillful surgery saved the life of the general. He left a leg and an arm on the battlefield and lost one of his eyes. He wears an artificial leg on one side of his body and an arm on the opposite. The pluck which enabled him to withstand these terrible wounds, and to which he is indebted for his life, perhaps, more than to any other cause, sticks to him yet, and he is one of the most jovial of men, enjoying a good joke as much as anybody. He tells this on himself:

When canvassing for governor, he was invited by a lady who knew of his loss of limbs to make her house his home, and he accepted. She ordered her manservant, who knew nothing of the general's misfortune, to see that he was comfortably put to bed. The dorky felt proud of the honor of serving a distinguished general and the next governor, and the general was inclined to be communicative, which delighted the negro very much and made him feel at home with his guest. When he took the general's arm off and laid it on the table, he commenced to express great sympathy, saying:

"It sho' is bad for a man to lose his arm dat way! An de Yankees done dis, did dey?"

When the general told him to take his leg off, the negro thought he was joking, but went at it in a businesslike way, though he was almost ready to shed tears of sympathy this time. Placing the leg on the table by the side of the arm and looking at the general, he said:

"Umph! Leg off on one side an arm off on t'other. Dat is too bad, to cut a man up in dat sort o' way."

The general saw the opportunity for a little fun had come, so, leaning his body forward, said:

"Come, now, take my head off." But the negro was gone.

Indoor Photography.

To make a good portrait in the ordinary room is quite a difficult task, as all the light to be had comes through the window and leaves the shadow side of the portrait underexposed. This can somewhat be remedied by the use of a piece of white muslin about 12 feet long and about 3 feet wide or more.

Stretch a string across the room parallel with the window and fasten it to a point about six feet from the window, and also six feet from the floor. Fasten the muslin over the top of the window and throw the other end over the string, allowing it to fall to the floor. This forms a sort of one-half side of a tent, and this somewhat confines the light and reflects it on the shadow side of your object and helps to brighten and soften the light. In using curtains for a background place them back of the sitter as far as the wall will allow, so as to produce a soft effect. Place the sitter about three feet from the window and about opposite the far side of the casement. Pull the window down from the top, and perhaps it would be best to cover up the lower part of the window with some dark cloth or paper. Close all doors so as not to have any draft, and then make the exposure.—J. A. Boos in New York Mail and Express.

British Flags.

All the flags for British ships of war, except the royal standards, are made in the government dockyards, and the enormous number required may be judged from the fact that in the color loft at Chatham alone about 18,000 flags are made in a year.

THE CHILI QUEENS.

THEIR THRONES WERE IN SAN ANTONIO'S HISTORIC ALAMO.

Their Reign Is Ended, but They Ruled Royalty For a Long Time—They Were Especially Gracious to the Tourist From the North and Made It Pay.

When the northern tourist used to strike the town, the first things the patriotic citizen who was doing the honors would proudly steer him up against would be the Alamo plaza chili stand, with its attendant divinity, the far famed chili queen.

"Now, sir, you've seen the historic Alamo, the old cathedral and the missions and got a whiff of our ozone," the citizen would remark with righteous pride, "and tonight you must come and eat a Mexican supper and see the chili queens. The chili queens are one of our most noted attractions—the beautiful, dark eyed señoritas, you know."

The tourist generally knew. This was in the late eighties, the palmy days of the chili queens, when their fame had spread to the larger northern cities. Some very musical verse about them had appeared in the magazines, and in the newspaper sketches they were idealized as stunning creatures, with the rich, brown skins of the tropics and the languorous grace and bewitching black eyes of Spanish donnas.

When the citizen and the tourist stroll up to the gay looking chili stand with its big red, green and yellow lanterns and its scintillating pyramids of cheap but gorgeous glassware, she promptly shuts up the sporty young man who is bandying slang with her or quits haggling with the chili gorged bootblack over change.

She hastily rearranges the flowers in her hair and the big bouquet at her bosom and beams on the new arrivals with sparkling eyes.

The citizen addresses her with an easy familiarity.

"Hello, Chiquita! How's tricks?" "Hello, señor. Tricks are bueno. How is my amigo, the señor?"

They all used the Spanish dialect when they had special customers, despite the fact that other tongues came easier to some of them by nature. There were six reigning queens on the plaza in 1888, and one of them was of German descent and another was born in the island where the soil is highly green and there are no snakes. The other four, however, were señoritas of the genuine Mexican variety.

Chiquita's eyes sparkle with their most brilliant luster, and, with a quick succession of flashing smiles, she uses her red lips and white teeth to good advantage on the tourist while she engages in badinage with the citizen.

"You're looking prettier than ever tonight, Chiquita. I'm glad of it, because we want to make a good impression on my friend here. He's from away up north, you know, and he's heard of you before."

Then Chiquita uses her tinkling laugh and slaps the citizen gently on the cheek.

"So sorry, but I have not a single nickel to give you. But take this flower instead."

She transfers a big rose from her corsage to the citizen's buttonhole. The tourist is beginning to want his share of the fun.

"Yes, I heard of you up there, and that's one reason I came down here—to see you, you know."

"Oh, my! You must have a flower too."

Her hands linger lightly on his coat as she carefully pins a spray of honeysuckle on, and the tourist begins to believe that he must have come down here for this. He is enjoying himself very much.

"Well, let's begin on our chili peppers," suggests the citizen. "You say you never ate one before? We had better take a little of everything, then, so you can say you 'did' San Antonio right. Bring us the whole bill of fare, Chiquita."

The queen turns sharply to the slimy looking old Mexican who has charge of the steaming pots and kettles in the rear and rattles off this with a celerity which seems to astonish the tourist: "Jesus, andarle! Dos platos de chili con carne, y dos tamales con chili gravy, de enchiladas tortillas, y dos tazas de cafe."

The fiercely burning chili con carne agonizes the tourist and he chokes on the enchiladas, but he manages to struggle through the tamales by drinking a great deal of water. Meanwhile, the chili queen sits opposite him in a languishing attitude and keeps up her tinkling laugh. When it comes time to go, he insists on paying the bill, despite the protests of the citizen, and tenders a \$5 bill. Chiquita seems to have trouble in counting out the change and a thought strikes the tourist.

"Say, Chiquita," he says tentatively, "you needn't mind that if"—

"You mean you want to make me a present?"

As that is what he means, she tucks the bill in her bosom, and gives the tourist a fond look. She takes another rose from her hair and pins it on his coat and squeezes his hand in bidding him goodbye.

Then, when her customers are gone, she goes and sits down in front of one of the steaming kettles, with a lap full of tortillas, which she uses to scoop up large mouthfuls of chili.

Chiquita was a fair type of all the chili queens. They were not the idyllic creatures of popular conception that they appeared to be when on dress parade, but most of them were really comely and they had the charm at least of novelty.

The glory of the chili queens waned and flickered away with great suddenness, and they themselves drifted away from the high tide of fame and fortune in a like manner.—San Antonio Express.

A HARVEST OF HUMAN HAIR.

Millions of Pounds Every Year Get Tangled Up in Commerce.

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest that can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In New York city alone over four tons of this class of goods are imported yearly.

"Not a little of the hair used in this country," said a New York dealer to the writer, "comes from the heads of American women, and it is fully as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. We had a big harvest during the craze that the fair sex had not long ago for having their hair cut short. Many thousands of women who then had their locks sheared have since bitterly regretted it, as in many instances their hair has grown so slowly that they have been compelled to wear a wig or a switch since the fashion changed. After the majority of women reach the age of 30 the hair seems to partially lose its vigor, and if cut it will not grow long again."

"Two-thirds of the ladies nowadays use false hair more or less. The decree of fashion, or the desire to conceal a defect or heighten a charm, is the reason of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continued frizzing and would like to conceal the fact. Both make use of a front or top piece, with a choice of many styles."

"Ladies' wigs cost from \$20 to \$200; half wigs, top pieces and switches from \$10 to \$50, according to quality."

"The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market in Merlans, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, their shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the steps of the houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck, the hair is cut and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from 60 cents to \$5 in our money."

"A woman's hair may grow to the length of 6 feet, and I know a lady who has been offered and refused \$500 for her crown of glory, which is over 6 feet long. A single female hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for blond hair breaks under a strain of 2½ ounces. There are some 2,000 exporters, manufacturers and dealers in human hair in the United States.—Washington Star.

Valorous Cows.

The editor of the Condon (Or.) Globe saw a deed of cow valor that was worth recording as well as seeing. A herd of cattle, and among them two cows, accompanied by their calves, were grazing in tall dead grass when the calves became separated a little from the rest of the herd.

Just then two huge, hungry coyotes crept up through the grass, cut off the calves from the rest of the cattle and started in pursuit of them. After running about 200 yards the calves came to a high, five wire, barbed wire fence, and, being small, managed to get through it. On the other side of the fence was an open pasture.

The wolves quickly followed the calves through the fence and were rapidly running them down on the other side, when the two cow mothers discovered what was going on. Each uttered a loud bellow, hoisted her tail and started for the rescue.

It appeared to be a hopeless chase, for the wire fence intervened, and the cows were certainly much too large to get through it. They knew well enough that it was there, and could, besides, see it plainly, but both cows plunged together straight into it.

The watching editor, horrified, looked to see them hurled back, frightfully wounded, but instead one of the posts gave way under the onslaught, the wires sank down, and in another moment the mothers were on the pasture side of the fence, badly cut and bleeding, but still able to charge the wolves successfully and put them to flight.

Soon the cows were licking the rescued calves affectionately, and the coyotes were howling a disappointed duet from the summit of a knoll near by.

Cat Baskets.

Cat baskets are made especially for the convenient carrying of cats in traveling, and they are also used to some extent for small dogs. Those of American manufacture are made of whole willow and are oblong in shape. Cat baskets imported from Germany are rather more costly, and are made of split willow. The German cat basket is oval in form, made larger at the top than at the bottom, and with the top finished rounding. There is in the side of the basket a grated door of willow rods, which opens on hinges and gives the cat light and air. In each end of the basket, higher up than the door, there is a small square window.

Cat baskets are made in various sizes, and in the course of a year there are sold a considerable number of them.—New York Sun.

Perhaps She Came Down Too.

She—So you are engaged to Miss Spry?

He—Yes, but it's a big come down for me.

She—Why, I thought she was such a sweet girl.

He—She is, but she rooms on the first floor and I'm on the eighth.—New York Journal.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is easier, while in some cases ¼ to ½ lower.

SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at strong prices.

HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at prices ¼ higher.

PROVISIONS are in good demand but at lower prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7.75¢; No. 2 Steers 6.65¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6.65¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5.25¢.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 13½ lbs and over, 3½¢; under 130 lbs 3¼¢; rough heavy hogs, 3¼¢.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½¢; ewes, 3¼¢; shorn ¼ to ½¢ less.

Spring Lambs—3½¢; 4¢, gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4¢; over 250 lbs 3½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 6.65¢; second quality, 5.50¢; First quality cows and heifers, 5.50¢; second quality, 4.50¢; third quality, 4.00¢.

Veal—Large, 5.50¢; small, 7.00¢.

Mutton—Wethers, 6.50¢; ewes, 6.00¢; Sucking lambs, 7.00¢.

Dressed Hogs—5.00¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 8.50¢; picnic hams, 7.00¢; Atlanta ham, 7.50¢; New York shoulder, 7.50¢.

Bacon—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 12¢; light S. C. bacon, 11.50¢; med. bacon, clear, 8.50¢; L. med. bacon, clear, 9¢; clear light, 8.50¢; clear ex. light, 10.50¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$11.00; do, hf. bbl, \$5.75; Extra Sliced, bbl, \$9.00; do, hf. bbl, \$4.75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7.50¢; do, light, 8¢; do, Bellies, 8.50¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16.50; hf. bbls, \$8.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, 1.50¢; do, kits, \$1.45.

Lard—Prices are \$7.00.

Tes. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 5 5.50 5.50 5.50 5.50 Cal. pure 6 6.50 6.50 6.50 6.50

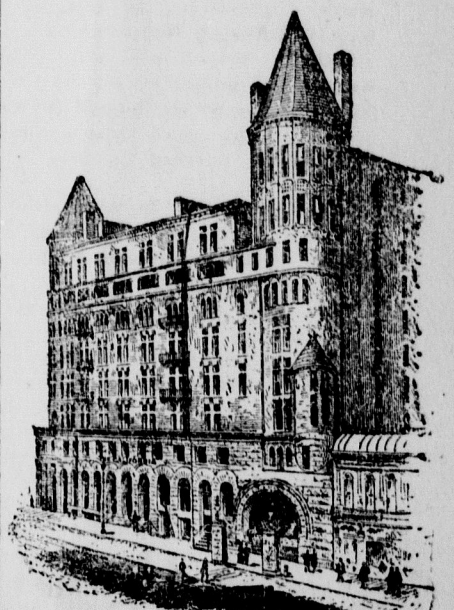
In 3-bbls the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-bbls.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2.50; 1.50; 1.50; 1.50; Roast Beef, 2.50; 1.50; 1.50.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

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Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00

Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

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HENRY MICHENFELDER : Proprietor

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.

"Sixthly, brethren," said the preacher, "Then he anxiously looked round; 'Sixthly, sixthly,' he repeated. 'Till it seemed a mocking sound."

Fiercely did his fingers fumble "Fifthly," "fourthly," "thirdly," all. But his lips kept muttering "Sixthly." And it answered not his call.

"Sixthly, brethren, as I mentioned—" Then he turned the Bible over; Every hair stood up in anguish, While his two eyes swept the floor.

Then the good old gray-haired deacon Rose with "Parson, of ye please, 'Sixthly' just sailed out the window On the buzzum o' the breeze."

Then a small boy snickered gaily: "Ah, that wind's a beauty bright; 'Thirdly,' 'fourthly,' both were winners, But that 'sixthly's' out o' sight"—Columbus Dispatch.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

ONG after the speaker's words had died away the listening people waited in hushed expectancy, unwilling to believe that he had finished, and unable to descend, all at once, from the heights to which they had been raised. But the announcement of the last hymn assured them that the service was almost over, and a little later they began to

file slowly out through the high, narrow doors into the damp Cornish air. In almost total silence the crowd separated, with the unconsciousness of surroundings which comes to men when their minds have been stirred deeply.

John Ordway and his wife came from the chapel among the last, and walked arm in arm to the long, low shed, where many wagons were waiting; both had been strongly moved by the evening's sermon, but in different ways, indicative, perhaps, of their widely differing temperaments.

Ordway helped his wife into the wagon, the horses struck into a swift trot, and the driver leaned forward to draw the rug more closely about his companion, peering up into her face solicitously.

"A damp night," he murmured. "Do you feel at all cold, little girl?" She started nervously at his voice, and shook her head.

"I'm quite warm enough," she said mechanically.

They moved swiftly past the scattered houses of the village and out into a stretch of open country. Three or four times the woman raised her head as though about to speak, but checked herself with an effort.

"I have something to tell you, John," she said at last. "I—I am afraid I ought to have told you long ago."

Her tone was so serious that he turned and looked at her with quick anxiety.

"Are ye sure ye ought?" he asked gently. "Maybe there ain't any need."

"There is a need," she answered. "I have known all along that it would be better to speak out, but somehow I never felt that I could, until to-night." She paused as though to gather courage. "It's about myself and Willis," she said. "You remember—"

Ordway bent forward suddenly with a warning shout to the horses, and the wagon jolted heavily in a deep rut.

"That's me, all over," he said with a chuckle. "I took special notice of that hole so as to skip it on the way home, and here I am, drivin' right into it again, like an old fool. That's what comes of listenin' to sermons ye can't quite understand."

"Won't you listen to me, John?" his wife asked pleadingly.

"Of course I will," he answered. "Only my nerves been so wrought up, I'm sort of afraid to have any big shock come on me sudden, ye know."

"You make it so hard for me," she said. "And I am in earnest. Oh, truly I am in earnest."

Her voice trembled with the warning of tears. Ordway put his arm around her and drew her closer to him protectively, as a mother soothes a nervous, sleepy child.

"I wasn't jokin'," he said. "I'm always glad to listen to ye; only I think ye'd best wait till we get home. We're 'most there now."

The wagon swung around a sharp turn, and then, far up on the hill ahead of them the clear-cut outline of the farm buildings showed against the horizon. And the horses plodded on in silence.

"Go in by the fire," said John Ordway, when at length they rattled into the farm-yard. "It'll take me some time to fix things up." But when he came back from the stable he found her waiting, leaning against one of the square posts of the porch and looking out across the darkness of the valley.

"I wanted to wait until we could go in together," she said. The long, low kitchen was full of changing shadows, which danced across the time-polished floor and lost themselves in the corners of the irregular ceiling, when Ordway crossed to the huge fireplace and piled some sticks of soft wood on the glowing ashes.

Then, twisting himself out of his top-coat and bestowing it, together with his cap, on a convenient table, he dragged from the chimney corner a great old-fashioned chair and sank back luxuriously in its capacious depths. His wife had also removed her wraps, and now took her seat at the other side of the fireplace on a low stool, drawn back just within the wavering boundary of shadow. At length she spoke, slowly and with evident effort at calmness.

"You must try to be patient with me," she said. "You'll be astonished, I know, and I am afraid you'll be angry—and I couldn't blame you—but I want you to wait till—till I've finished."

"Are ye quite sure ye'd better begin, or hadn't ye better let it go till to-morrow?"

"No," she said quickly. "I've wanted to speak—to speak so many times, and haven't dared to. I'll feel a thousand times happier when I've told you, no matter what happens. Let me go on now."

"Maybe I know what—" he began, but checked himself suddenly. "I'm listenin'," he added.

She hesitated as if to gain strength, and he marked how the slender figure quivered with the effort of her hurried breathing.

"I had promised to marry Willis before I knew you," she said unsteadily. "We quarreled about some little thing and each was too proud to speak first. Finally, he went away without seeing me. You know how we heard that he died in Africa. I believed it—we all did—and I cried myself to sleep night after night, because I hadn't acted differently. As time went on I began to forget little by little, and after a while it all seemed like a sort of dream; then you came into my life, and taught me to trust you and turn to you for help in everything. And, in truth, I loved you more than you could ever understand." Her voice trembled pitifully. "You believe me, John?" she asked. "Say that you do believe me."

Ordway drew his hands across his eyes with an involuntary movement. "I ain't never doubted it," he answered softly.

She gave a quick sigh of relief, and let her head sink again upon her breast as she spoke again.

"I was happy and contented for two long years. It was like heaven; and you were happy, too, John?"

"Happy?" he said. "Ah, yes; nobody'll ever know how much."

"And then little Dora was born," she went on, "and somehow all our trouble began right there, for it seemed as though her baby hands took hold of our hearts and pushed them apart, a little at first, and then more and more. I actually thought that you didn't care about her—I know it was wrong, but I thought it—and I got to feeling against you as I would against someone that was watching for a chance to hurt my little one. Well, things got worse and worse, and when she died I almost believed you were to blame in some way—I didn't know how. Oh! it's awful to think about, but I couldn't help feeling that way. Will you ever forgive me for it?"

"I never laid it up against ye," he answered. "I reckoned it was natural, and I knew ye wasn't well; so I tried to forget all about that part of my life, and I done it—almost."

She looked up at him gratefully. "You are trying to help me," she said. "Not many men would do that. The rest of my story is harder to tell, and harder to listen to. You remember that Willis came back and hunted us up. He came at the worst time for all of us. I was set against you, and half wild about baby's death, and reckless to everything. He found that out, and kept pleading with me and urging me to go away with him. Day after day, when you were at work, he used to come to the house and talk to me—always in the same strain. I ought to have sent him away; but—I didn't. His sympathy was so ready that I didn't see the purpose nor the falseness of it. It was as though some evil spirit put the word into his mouth, and I listened; God help me, I listened."

She started to her feet, and stood facing her husband, her arms raised to her head in a wild gesture.

"It was no fault of mine that I did not sin against you in deed as I did in thought," she cried. "If it had not been for some accident—I don't even know what it was—I should not have been here now. I went to meet him one night. We were to drive to Oakley and take the train for some place. I waited. I don't know how many hours, but he didn't come; at last I crept home and found you asleep. All night I sat by the fire waiting for some word from him, for I was ready to go—yes, even then I was ready to go. In the morning when you were away a letter came, saying that an unforeseen accident had happened and he would let me know about it soon. I never heard from him again."

She paused and looked at him fearfully, as though expecting a violent outburst of anger; but he said nothing, and at last she spoke again, unable to bear the silence.

"Won't you speak to me?" she cried, tremulously. "Haven't you been listening? Have I done wrong to tell you? Speak to me, for God's sake; I can't bear it."

The words were lost in a storm of sobbing, and she threw herself down on her knees beside him, hiding her face with her hands on the arm of the old-fashioned chair. Ordway looked down at her through eyes that were dimming. "Don't take on so, Eunie," he said gently; "ye'll be glad all the rest of yer life, I think, on account of jest what ye're cryin' about now. Look up, my girl, an' maybe I can finish the story for ye." He put out his hand and stroked the bowed head with clumsy tenderness. "Ye say ye never knowed why he didn't come that night," he said. "I could a told ye why."

She raised her head with a startled exclamation. "You?" she cried.

"Yes," he answered. "Jest me. He stayed away because I told him he'd better, and he knowed I meant what I said."

Her eyes grew full of a wondering fear, and she shrank away from him; but he smiled again and detained her with gentle force. "Wait," he said. "I ain't crazy. Did ye think I was so blind all them months that I didn't see

what was happenin'? I'd a knowed it I'd been miles away, for there ain't never any trouble in your heart but what I don't feel it. Lord bless ye, I seen what was goin' on, but I thought 'twas best to say nothin' an' let ye wrestle it out alone. Finally, when I noticed that circumstances an' every thing was likely to be too much for ye, why, I jest stepped in an' talked to Willis. He understood, an' that settled it."

"Then you've known?" she interrupted breathlessly. "You've known all this time?"

He nodded cheerfully. "All this time," he answered.

"But you never said a word to me—you never acted as though—"

"It's always harder for me to talk than to keep still," he said slowly. "Surely ye've found that out long ago. I couldn't a said a word without makin' things worse most likely; so I thought the best thing to do was to jest wait—an' I have been waitin'."

"Waiting?" she repeated. "Waiting for what?"

"For what's happened, Eunie," he said softly. "Waiting to hear jest what I've heard to-night; to have ye kneel down here beside me as ye're kneelin' now, a-wantin' the help I can give ye, an' a-trustin' me enough to ask for it." He lifted his hand to check her question, and went on in the same tone. "I ain't never been like any of the men ye used to know. Why, for a year or more after we were married I used to set an' watch ye, wonderin' all the time whether it was really me, an' whether my luck wasn't too good to be true. I was always afraid that there was a mistake somewhere, for it didn't seem right nor natural that ye should see anything in me to care about, unless—unless it was because I cared so much for you; I tried to think that sometimes."

The woman was clinging to his arm and weeping convulsively.

"Twere't your fault, little girl," he said. "It jest happened that way. There ain't no need to cry about it now; the time for cryin's all gone past, an' I don't think it'll ever come again."

He stopped abruptly, as though half-ashamed of his sudden outburst, and let his glance rest lovingly upon the kneeling figure at his feet.

"Ain't ye glad it's happened?" he asked. "Surely ye ain't grievin' over the very thing that is to make us so happy agen'."

She did not answer, and for a moment he watched her in perplexed anxiety. Then he understood, and knelt down by her side.—Toronto Saturday Night.

WASTED ENERGY.

A Good Thing the Ice Man Wasn't There.

Across an uptown street an ice wagon was extended. The street was narrow and the horses attached to the wagon had evidently been halted at the curb and then had turned diagonally across the roadway. Usually these wagons are manned by a crew of two men, but in this case neither man was in sight. Presently along came a horse and wagon with two men on the seat. They couldn't get by because of the ice wagon. They halted in the rear of the obstruction and one of the men called out:

"Hi, there, get a move on you."

The ice wagon was full of ice and the driver's seat was entirely concealed from the men in the other wagon.

There was no response.

"What's the matter with you?" yelled the man; "don't you know you are blocking up the highway?"

Still no response.

The vociferating man grew angry.

"Say," he howled, "if you don't drive ahead I'll take off one of your wheels."

The other man laughed. The wheels of the ice wagon looked as if they might have been made for the Juggernaut car. The wheels of the other wagon were light and shaky.

"If you don't drive ahead I'll get off this wagon and chuck you into the gutter," shrieked the angry man.

"Say," said the other man, "don't talk like that. These klemen are all fighters. He'll come back here with an ice-hook and welt the heads off of us."

"Let him come," roared the first speaker. "He can't bluff me. Say, there, you wretched, white-livered ice peddler, get a move on you, or I'll trample all over your worthless carcass."

And even this didn't elicit a response.

Then the angry man slowly got down from the seat, and grasping his whip in a firm grasp, cautiously circled around by the way of the sidewalk until he could get a look at the driver's seat.

"Why, there's no one here," he called back. Then he took the horses by the heads and pulled them to the side of the road.

As he climbed back into his wagon he said:

"It's a blamed lucky thing for that driver that he wasn't there. I'd 'a beat the life out of him."

And he pulled up the horse savagely and rattled along.

For the Bike.

In a newly designed bicycle it is not necessary to use the feet and keep the pedals moving all the time, as the spiked rear wheel can be lifted out of line with the runners by means of a lever near the head of the machine, so that after speed has been attained or in going down hills on the road the feet can be held still.

Business Transaction.

Yabsley—See here, Mudge, why haven't you paid that \$10 as you promised?

Mudge—I heard you were going to leave town.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that half the people born die before reaching the age of 16. Some others we know wouldn't be missed very much.



ADVICE FOR THE THIN GIRL.

GIRLS with slender proportions are usually picked out by their more heavily weighted friends as persons to whom lots of advice about increasing their avoirdupois must be given. Probably a little information on this subject will be valuable. The candidate for added flesh should get all the sleep possible—from nine to ten hours. In addition, a nap in the middle of the day will help. While napping no stays, tight shoes or bands must be worn. If one cannot sleep one should lie down in a darkened room at least thirty minutes instead. In the mornings a cold plunge, or at least a cold sponge, must be taken, dashing the water on the shoulders, neck and collarbone, drying with a Turkish towel and avoiding heavy clothing. A thin woman should avoid cumbersome wraps, heavy-weight dress goods and linings. She should not tire herself bicycling, and she should have plenty of fresh air. Diet deserves a consideration. For some drinking malt liquors is a great help, but many cannot stand it. A diet with an eye to acquiring flesh should consist of liquids—milk, water, but not coffee and tea; no hot oranges, plenty of butter and cheese and good cocoa. The very thin woman should have five meals a day, should eat marmalade and plenty of warm milk and cream. Indeed, if warm milk is drunk before retiring it is in itself almost a sure cure for thinness. Above all, eat slowly and never exercise until a half hour after meals.

Bustles Here Again.

When the Czar of Russia and the President of France embraced at Cronstadt roads they didn't dream that their affectionate greeting would change the shape of the feminine form all over the civilized world. But so it was, for no sooner were the significant tidings flashed over the wires than the

fashion-makers went to work to establish the vogue of the Russian blouse! Now the Russian blouse, as all the world knows, is a baggy, puffy, sloppy-looking garment, hiding all curves of the human form divine and giving a general air of limpness to its wearer. This effect on the figure must be remedied somehow and bustles and hip pads seem to be the only counteracting influence. So they are selling rapidly. Made of hair or wire and ranging in length from six inches to the length

of the dress skirt, they are supposed to give the proper "set" to the skirt, while the pads for the hips accentuate the smallness of the waist, and so give the desired hour-glass effect which is deemed necessary to emphasize the beauty of the fashionable Russian blouse.

An Ideal Hostess.

She must never look bored. She must make you feel perfectly at home.

She must know how to get congenial people together.

She must never let any one be slighted or overlooked.

She must be perfectly unselfish about her own pleasures.

She must know how to keep conversation always going.

She must make you feel individually that you are the favored guest.

She must see everything, and yet possess the art of seeming to see nothing.

She must know when to ask the amateur musician to display his or her talents.

She must remember that nothing is so tiresome, so surely death to all enjoyment, as the feeling that one is being entertained.

Feather Boas.

Feather boas are still very fashionable; they must never meet under the chin, as they shorten the neck; they should be invisibly fastened on each side to frame the face and protect the back of the neck and ears, which is really all that is needed. Neck ruffles are popular also in three shades of rose or lavender chiffon, silk, muslin or ribbons, edged with velvet or gold braid. These ruched collarettes are prettier for very young girls than the feather boas.

Restoring the Complexion.

If the complexion has been neglected or injured by the use of poisonous cosmetics or soaps, and it is desired to restore it to its former healthful condition, it must be done by administering the proper food and nourishment to the hungry pores and relaxed muscles. Is it not reasonable that what can be done for the body can also be done in an

other and more delicate way for the face? Women can feel assured that by a systematic, intelligent and persistent physical culture of their skin and complexion the hollows in the cheeks, at the temples, under the eyes and about the chin, also the advent of the much-dreaded crowfeet, can easily be postponed many years.

Killed a Huge Bear.

Miss Hattie M. Richards, daughter of a dry goods merchant who lives at 130 West 86th street, New York, killed one of the biggest bears ever slain in the Dead River region of Maine. Mr. Richards left New York with his family to spend six weeks in his handsome camp at Chain of Ponds, on the Megantic fish and game preserves, which con-



MISS HATTIE M. RICHARDS.

sist of 250 square miles of the choicest hunting ground in Maine. Miss Richards carried a rifle that had been made expressly for her. She is familiar with the use of firearms, and has often brought down deer, but this was the first time she had had a chance to tackle a bear. Suddenly there was a loud cracking of the underbrush, and looking in that direction she saw a huge black bear coming toward her. Bruin trotted along in blissful ignorance of the presence of the young woman with rifle raised waiting for him. When he had approached to within 200 feet of her she fired. The bullet struck the bear in the neck and made a bad wound, which caused the animal to grow very savage. It made a rush for the girl, but when it was about seventy feet away Miss Richards' rifle cracked again and the bullet hit the bear behind the ear and killed it. The bear was an old fellow and weighed more than 400 pounds. Guides said it was the largest killed in the Dead River region in years.

Paris Skirts.

In Paris skirts are made with five and six gores respectively. The latter, measuring about four and a half yards round, is the most popular. Horsehair interlining is de rigueur and, to give additional "spring" to these skirts, French modistes stitch the horsehair in with each seam, and while perfectly flat and tight about hips and back the newest skirts are more buoyant and irrepressible than ever at the hem.

Vocations of French Women.

French statistics show that there are now 2,150 women in France who earn their living as authors or by writing for newspapers, while there are only 700 painters and sculptors of that sex. Among the writers are 1,000 novelists, 200 lyric poets and 150 who publish children's stories and educational works.

Latest Fad.

Taxidermy is one of the latest fads of New York women. It is said that Mrs. Jack Astor started the fashion by learning the art in order that she could preserve with her own hands the feathered trophies of her hunting expeditions.

The Train Now Worn.

The train has arrived and fair ladies will wear it this winter for home, dinner and evenings, while even walking gowns betray a tendency to sweep microbes from the street.

Women of Finland.

In Finland women have the right of suffrage. They usurp men's privileges and are carpenters, paperhangers, bricklayers and slaughtermen.

Every mother knows how hard it is to put on a child's rubbers over his heavy shoes, and many a nurse will testify to a bent thumb nail and an abraded finger received during this troublesome performance. One mother discovered by accident that by the use of a shoe-horn the fractious rubber became amenable to treatment. She slips the shoe-horn into the back of the rubber while the child presses his foot down, and lo! the overshoe is on, sure and firm, and the mother's temper and fingers unharmed. It is a trick that is worth the trying.

PORTERS' NEW TRICK.

Convey Information by Marks on the Baggage of Travelers.

The hotel porters of Europe have a new trick, which may explain to certain travelers why they were not received as cordially and treated with as much attention at some of the hotels as other guests. The porters mark your baggage with certain hieroglyphics, as tramps are said to chalk the gateposts along the village road to inform other gentlemen of misfortune where fierce dogs are kept, where the cook is sympathetic and hospitable and where they can find comfortable lodgings in the barn. The hieroglyphics which the porters place upon a trunk are intended to indicate to the members of their profession at other hotels the disposition of the traveler as to fees. If you are stingy they learn the fact before they have expended any energy in making you comfortable and happy. If you are generous they know that their services will be liberally rewarded and pay you special attention. The fee system is becoming serious to American travelers because our fellow-citizens have been so lavish in distributing their favors that the employees of hotels and railway stations expect more from Americans than from Europeans.

It is always an advantage to stand well with the porter of a hotel. He is not the man who handles the baggage, but is usually a fine-looking gentleman in a uniform as gorgeous as that of a French major general. He is always at the front door and carries around in his head an encyclopedia of information concerning every point on which a traveler can possibly question him. He speaks several languages and knows the nationality of a guest before he crosses the threshold. The most remarkable porter I ever knew was employed at the Slavinski Bazaar hotel at Moscow, and although people from all the corners of the earth go there and stop at that place it is said that he is able to address every man in his own language. He can speak all the dialects of Europe, Asia and Africa and knows everything that any person can possibly want to know.

As a rule the servants in European hotels receive no wages. They are furnished their food and often their lodgings, but depend entirely upon the gratuities from the guests for compensation. The waiters' union in Paris recently attempted to secure the abolition of fees, not for the benefit of travelers, however, but for their own advantage, because they want to compel their employers to pay them fixed wages; but their plan will not succeed, and the patrons of hotels and restaurants will be required in the future as in the past to pay the wages of the servants who wait upon them, although "attendance" is usually charged in the bill. European travelers calculate the fees as accurately as the interest upon a loan, but it is a system which an American can never acquire. He first puts his hand into his pocket and takes out the first coin he finds, without regard to the value of the service he is paying for.

If a European spends a week in a hotel he gives the porter 5 francs—\$1. If he stays a month he usually pays at the same rate. If he stays only a day at the same rate. If he stays only a day he pays 1 franc. The head waiter receives the same amount. The waiter who brings up coffee and rolls in the morning is entitled to 3 francs a week, the chambermaid 2 francs and the porter who cleans the boots 1 franc, with a few centimes extra in case you have heavy baggage to handle. None of these fees is paid until you leave the house unless you are a regular boarder, when you are expected to distribute this amount of money every week when you pay your bill at the desk.

This is very much better than the lack of system which prevails in the United States, where hotel guests have the same person to wait upon them twice, and are expected to pay a fee to somebody every time a service is rendered.—Chicago Record.

Testing the Earth's Heat.

The deepest hole in the world is being dug just outside of Pittsburgh, Pa., under the direction of Prof. William Hallock of Columbia College, and before the cold weather sets in he expects to prove that the interior of the earth is a vast furnace, capable of furnishing an inexhaustible supply of steam.

Already the hole has been bored to a depth of nearly 6,000 feet, and it is expected that a depth of 10,000 feet will be reached, or approximately, two miles.

Prof. Hallock was induced to try the experiment of finding natural steam by the knowledge of the proven fact that the earth grows steadily hotter the deeper it is penetrated. If natural steam is not encountered Prof. Hallock believes that the walls of the well will be so hot that cold water can be pumped down and pumped up again in the form of steam. The economic value of such a discovery is readily apparent. It would be the birth of the natural power of the future, and in the long run cheaper than any yet discovered, not excepting the power obtained by the harnessing of Niagara.

The observations taken show that the temperature increases on an average one degree for each sixty feet. In certain stages of the work the increase has been greater and in others less than that. At 1,500 feet the temperature was 69 degrees, and at 5,900 feet 136 degrees, an increase of 67 degrees for 4,400 feet.

Foxy Dolly.

Ted—When you were sitting with Dolly on the sand and asked for a kiss did she want to know if you really loved her?

Ned—No; she asked if I was sure the parasol wasn't transparent.—New York Evening Journal.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

DID you ever make the trip in a big steamer plying between St. Louis and New Orleans? The height of the season of 1897 has seen the usual pilgrimage of tourists, and the belles and beaux of many a river town have crowded the decks and staterooms of the soft-moving boats that float out from some city wharf, and drop anchor only after many days.



THE CAPTAIN.

1,250 miles away. At the very outset it is interesting to watch the roustabouts, tumbling over each other in the haste engendered by the hoarse voice of the mate, loading merchandise found for Southern ports. They are a curious study—these roustabouts—with their half-clad, powerful figures, their song-song cry of "heave-ho-o!" their fog-trot shamble, and the reckless abandon with which their work is done. They have no cares. If they have any ambition it is to get the big steamer out of port, lie lazily on the lower decks, or play "craps," or sit and watch the white foam of the river as the boat plunges forward on its way.

When the last barrel, box and trunk is bestowed the big bell gives three taps, the captain, from the hurricane deck, shouts "Let her go, there!" the gangplanks are pulled in, the prow of the great steamer swings out and with a wide turn starts on its delightful pilgrimage. The captain is the patriarch and hero of the expedition. You can hear his big voice at all hours of the night, sometimes over your head, where he stands sentinel to see that all goes well; sometimes from the lower deck, where his vigorous and secular Anglo-Saxon arouses the mate and his roustabouts to duties engendered by new conditions; and oftener on the promenade deck, where he talks politics with the men and relates the history of each point of interest, a history which he has come to believe is faithful by reason of its repetition. Nobody knows



DANCE ON AN EXCURSION STEAMER.

when or where the captain sleeps. The cheerful buzz of his voice reaches your stateroom in the still night, and you drop off to sleep wondering if the captain ever does retire. When you wake in the morning there is the captain again, freshly-shaven, clean, bright and cheerful as ever, with an appetite for breakfast that only equals your own.

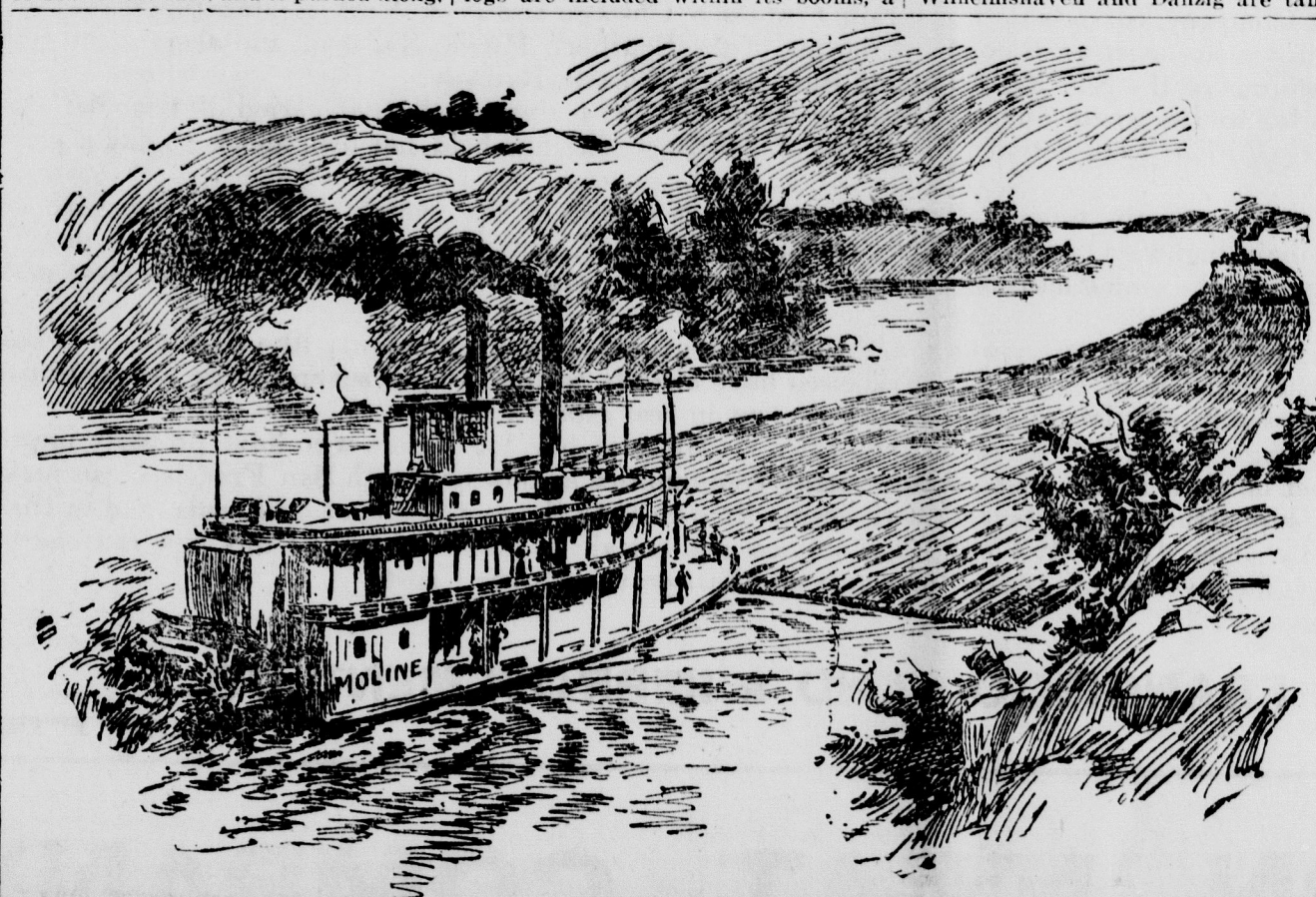
While the Nile has been rolling along for ages in the same channel, the Mississippi has been roaming all over its valley, twisting hither and thither, building up banks and then cutting through them and suddenly abandoning the old channel for a new one. It is doing the same thing to-day. The vast length of the Mississippi and its tributaries, measuring 9,000 miles of navigable waters and draining an area of 1,244,000 square miles, must account in a large part for the great quantity of matter it cuts away, but even when these facts are considered the estimate must still appear enormous. It is stated by experts that the dirt carried down by the Mississippi in a single year amounts to a solid mass one mile square and 163 feet deep. This sediment is being constantly deposited along the shores and upon the bars and islands that abound in this remarkable stream.

The atmosphere of lazy floating days, on board a steamer, crammed full of unusual scenes, flashes of excitement,

grand and bewildering vistas of field and flood and verdure-clad hills, in which the beauties of the Hudson are duplicated, reproduced and excelled with enough scenic luxuriance to create a score of Hudson Rivers, cannot be expressed or indicated upon a newspaper page. It is altogether unique, and most of the people in this great, bustling country will never be able to enjoy the sensation in proper person.

The rafting industry is exclusive. It is not carried on before a grand stand or in the presence of a multitude. Its secrets are all its own, and one of these days the material exhausted, this industry will disappear with all of its traditions and romances, and with it will vanish from view the river types, the sturdy logger, the peculiarly northern roustabout or "rooster" as he is familiarly known, and the rugged captains who embody all the river lore and are walking encyclopedias of everything that belongs to the history of this great stream since the first Canadian voyagers and hardy French woodsmen penetrated these wilds.

One of these rafting steamers is a sight to see. It keeps its bows against the rear end of a mighty fabric of logs, in a position to push it down stream. A second steamer, smaller in size, is fastened transversely across the front end or bow of the raft, and is pushed along,



RAFTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

quiet and unresisting, with its wheel motionless, as a sort of cut water for the unwieldy expanse of logs. But this is not its mission. A telephone connection is established between the two steamers by means of wires stretched across the raft, and as the rear steamer

number sufficient to yield more than 2,000,000 feet of lumber. Scores of freight trains would be required to transport the members of this intricate, late lian, whose weight is almost beyond computation. The passenger on a Mississippi River steamer is expected to spend most of the day in good weather on the promenade deck, with field or opera glass in hand, viewing the delightful scenery. About the third day one begins to take interest in the landings. You want to know how long the boat will stop at the next town, and whether you can run up into the city and "stretch your legs." You try it once or twice, only to find that the Captain has hurried your return by a vigorous pull on the bell. This is one of the Captain's little jokes. He doesn't mean it, and as you wipe the perspiration from your brow he tells you how many points of interest you might have seen if only you had not foolishly run back to the boat.

The old days of the passenger steamer industry are a vivid memory with every river veteran—the high gambling days, those when every inch of steam was put to the danger point in a race between two stately flowing palaces. There is still lingering reminiscence here and there, suggestions of those brilliant, exciting hours, when life was a reckless whirl for the deck hand, and a thrilling experience for the passenger on a typical steamer. The gamblers, the grotesque dancers, the singing roustabouts, are nearly all gone, but the odd characters who have furnished themes for many a captivating story still haunt the landing places that one passes in a trip down the Mississippi River.



UNBECOMING HILARITY.

In the head of the raft to keep it from going ashore or into cross currents, and this is the duty of the assisting steamer. Lying transversely across the river and attached firmly to the raft, a few

revolutions of its wheel pushes the front end of the raft away from a dangerous bank, and by backing water the head of the raft is dragged back into the channel away from threatening shoals.

The difficulties of turning and twisting an invertebrate mass of logs in narrow and tortuous channels will be better appreciated when the actual size



TYPES ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER EXCURSION.

of the raft is understood. In length it is 1,200 feet, and thus equal to several average city blocks, and its width is almost 300 feet. More than half the raft is double decked, meaning that it is composed of two layers of logs, and it is estimated that not less than 10,000 logs are included within its booms, a

ly, great trouble in finding a furnace suitable for burning it. It is now blown by steam into a special furnace, on the principle of the Lucigen light, and used without difficulty. It is 40 or 50 per cent. cheaper than coal, and is 20 per cent. better as a heat raiser. Steam can be got up quicker and kept at a higher pressure and more work be done by the machinery. From a

naval point of view these are vitally important facts. No sign of a ship under full steam will be shown in the sky, for masut is a smokeless fuel. Russia and Italy are using it in their navies, and Germany has lately made some valuable experiments. At Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Danzig are tanks

from which it can be pumped into ships. Its specific gravity being so much less than that of coal, a ship's buoyancy is greatly increased when the bunkers are filled with it. Heavier armor or cargoes can be carried. The heating capacity being greater, the ship can travel faster or farther. It is yet to be learned what improvements the Germans have introduced into their furnaces and what are the disadvantages of masut.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Perfume from Living Plants. Capt. Smee has discovered a method of gathering the scent of flowers as the plant is growing. He takes a glass funnel and heats the thin end over a spirit lamp. He then draws out the stem to a fine point. This accomplished, the funnel is filled with ice and placed on a retort stand, the pointed end being placed in a small glass bottle, without touching it. After this, the stand and the funnel are placed in a greenhouse, among the flowers whose odors it is desired to collect. Gradually the vapor rises from the flowers, and, in meeting the colder surface of the funnel, condenses into drops on the outside of the glass. From the point of condensation it trickles down until it drops into the bottle. In a surprisingly short time a large amount of perfume is collected, and it is claimed that 90 per cent. of the contents of the bottle is perfume; the rest is water. Strange to say, this essence of the flower needs to be adulterated with spirits of wine. Otherwise it would become sour and useless.—American Cultivator.

It Has Cost Millions. The most expensive book ever published in the world is the official history of the war of the rebellion, which is now being issued by the United States Government at a cost up to date of \$2,300,000. Of this amount nearly one-half has been paid for printing and binding, the remainder to be accounted for in salaries, rent, stationery and miscellaneous expenses, including the purchase of records from private individuals. In all probability it will take three years to complete the work, and an appropriation of \$500,000 has been asked, making a total cost of nearly \$3,000,000. The work will consist of 112 volumes.

Ferguson—It says here that no foreigner is allowed to be forty-eight hours on Turkish territory without a pass. Nixon—It must be tough on the railroads that have to issue them.—Boston Transcript.

A man gets very little credit for what he does in this world, but he gets lots of blame for what he doesn't.

A woman has to pursue up her lips in order to carry car fare in her mouth.

PASSING OF LORD FAUNTLEHOY.

The Mother Tried to Be Brave When the Golden Curls Fell.

The scene was in a Ninth street barber shop and the time was a morning earlier in the week. The "tonorial artist" nearest the door had just called out "Next!" when there entered a very pretty young woman leading by the hand a 4-year-old boy, with long, golden ringlets. He was a manly-looking little fellow, and his hair was just the shade of the young woman's, although she looked almost too young to be his mother.

"Are you the man who cut this little boy's bangs last time?" she asked.

"Yes'm; want em cut ag'in?"

"No, not this time. I want his hair cut short all over. And won't you try to cut each curl off separately, for I want to send some of them out of town and one to his grandmother."

She had a pasteboard box in her hand in which to take away the gold that was more precious to her than any that has come from Klondike. She said she wanted the little boy's hair cut. It was probably the lad's father who wanted it; she had only acquiesced.

Several of the ebony-hued artists gathered around to watch, while the lad took his seat in a big chair, as proud as Punch, for he was to be a "mother's little Lord Fauntleroy" no longer. He smiled, but there was a suspicious tremor about his mother's lips as she took a brush, and for the last time curled his beautiful ringlets about her slim and tapering finger.

Snip, snip! went the scissors, and one by one the curls were carefully laid away in the box. Before the last one was gone the young mother was huddled up in the bootblack's chair crying as if her heart would break. There was no doubt now that she was the child's mother. He was a baby no longer. It was much more comfortable for the child, and it was time it was done, and all that, but just the same he would never be mamma's little baby again, and she could not see the wealth of falling gold for tears in her eyes.

Not a man in the place smiled, and even the "Shine, mister," seemed to see a bit of pathos in the scene. The barber over in the corner had to stop a moment while the man he was shaving wiped a sudden tear from his own eye.

The man, gray-haired and somewhat crusty, was thinking of a lock of gold tucked away in the back of his desk in a busy downtown office, and his memory had gone back to the time when he tucked that strand beneath his blue soldier's blouse and with musket on his shoulder had started for the front.

"Next!"—Washington Star.

Oil to Lay Dust.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, it is stated, is about to make the experiment of sprinkling a specially prepared oil on its line between Lanham and Deanwood, on the Baltimore and Potomac Division, near Washington, as a means of reducing the dust nuisance. The oil is distributed along the roadbed by means of a specially constructed car, The "spreader" is a comparatively simple contrivance, and, with gum hose and pipes, is connected to an ordinary oil tank car filled with the oil. The spreading of the oil over the roadbed is accomplished at the rate of about four miles an hour. The spreader is so constructed that not a particle of the oil falls on the rails. This, of course, is a necessary precaution, since it would be impossible for a locomotive to haul its train were the rails covered with oil. Between 4,000 and 5,000 gallons of oil are required for each mile of double track, and it is said that one application will allay the dust and dirt for a year. Should the experiment prove satisfactory, it is probable the entire line between Washington and New York will be sprinkled.

Companions in Misery.

Good Americans who deplore the disappearance of their flag from the high seas are in position to derive such comfort as companionship affords from the predicament of France. There are two French government commissions now wrestling with the problem which have given out preliminary figures, though neither is yet ready with its report. It appears that in 1880 the French sailing vessels occupied a rank immediately after England, with a total of nearly 2,000,000 tons; ten years ago they had fallen to the sixth rank, and are now ninth, coming after Russia, Sweden and Greece. As regards the steamships carrying the French flag, notwithstanding the heavy subsidies granted to the great lines, France has fallen from the second rank, which it occupied in 1880, to the fifth rank, after the English, Germans, Italians and Dutch. While the tonnage of the steamships has increased since 1886 by 57 per cent. in England and 107 per cent. in Germany, in France it has undergone a contraction of 1 per cent.—New York Evening Sun.

Favored by Fortune.

The following well-authenticated anecdote furnishes an instance of a person attaining to wealth by what is called a "lucky" accident: A poor old woman who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end of her ball of worsted, found it wound on a piece of newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read. To her astonishment she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property which, had she been unable to read, she might never have known anything about.

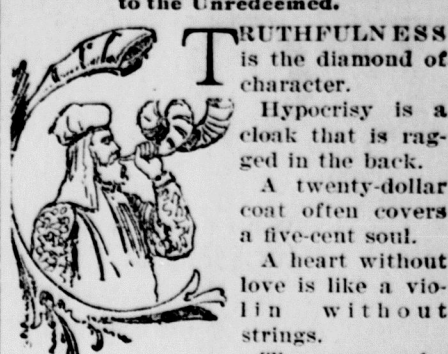
Killing Time by Shooting.

Tom—How can we manage to kill time for an hour or two?
Jack—Suppose we patronize the merry-go-round, across the way.

Tom—What for?
Jack—That's a good revolver to kill time with.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



TRUTHFULNESS is the diamond of character. Hypocrisy is a cloak that is ragged in the back.

A twenty-dollar coat often covers a five-cent suit.

A heart without love is like a violin without strings.

The man who talks most about himself says the least.

A pious face is not infallible proof of a devout spirit.

Character is what a man is, not what he appears to be.

Let God lead, and whenever one door shuts, another will open.

A good conscience is better capital than a large bank account.

Activity is safety. Inaction is danger and death. Work, or die.

If the work of God is worth any effort, it is worth every effort.

Smiling lengthens the mouth and the life in about equal proportions.

The golden rule exactly fits into every honest business transaction.

All things were made for the good and some day they will have them.

Anything done for God makes us stronger to do any other thing for Him.

He is more than half miserable who is doing nothing to make others happy.

Any fool can make money, but it takes wisdom to know how to spend it well.

What if you have lost your ring? Be thankful that you still have your finger.

David's Power as a Poet.

When the peacocks book of earth's kings is finally made up the pages will include the name of this minstrel shepherd boy, who passed quickly from the sheep's cote to the king's palace and took his place among the immortals. The strangely checkered career of this chivalrous youth reminds us of Scotland's hero, Robert Bruce, and also of Robert Burns, the people's poet. Gifted with a strangely rich and lovable nature, this youth moved among men with that irresistible fascination that only the greatest possess. He enters the scene the child of innocence and all sweet song. Soon, aided by his flute, he sang his way into the king's heart, and like a sunbeam passed into the gloomy palace. When a few months had gone by the boy was the champion of the army, the idol of the people, the dearest friend of Jonathan, and then, with a single leap, bounded into the throne itself. By reason of his self-reliance and prudence, his boldness in attack and courage in defense, David has been called the greatest of the Jewish kings. But now that long time hath passed, we all do see that he has his fame, not because he was a king and born leader of men, but because he was a poet and sang of human life with all its pathos and mystery. Centuries ago his granite crumbled, his works became dust, but his sweet psalms and songs do still abide.

Immeasurable the debt that civilization owes to this youth, whose songs have consoled man's sorrows, refined his griefs and exalted all human life. Be the reasons what they may, the influence of generals, statesmen and inventors is less deep and abiding than the influence of those poets who have sung of love and grief, of war and of the shepherd care of God. The generations go forward, following the leadership of those who sing of liberty and love, of joy and grief and death. Happy those to whom it is given to write the songs with which the mother soothes her child, with which the hero inspires his hosts.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Arrested the Governor.

Gov. Thomas Worthington has the unique distinction of being the only chief official of the State ever arrested and started for jail. In 1815 or 1816 this worthy executive contracted with Judge Jarvis Pike to take the timber from the present State house ground. The Governor at that time lived at Chillicothe. Some misunderstanding arose as to the settlement of the bill, and the doughty judge sued out a capias from the court of "Squire King," and had Mr. Worthington arrested and started for the jail. But he was not locked up, the matter being amicably adjusted, and good feeling going all around. That was the nearest approach to a happening of the kind.—Cleveland Leader.

How Far Was It.

Southern distances are peculiar, and the road directions which a tourist receives are sometimes wanting in the quality of explicitness.

"How far is it from here to Brushburg?" asked a tourist of an old fellow who was hoeing weeds in a field of sickly corn "down South." "Is it far?" "Waal, it haint so very fer nor it haint so very nigh. If you go round by the big road it's ferdar nor it is nigh, but if you cut across country it's nigher nor it is fer, an' if you keep right straight ahead it's kinder betwixt nigh an' fer, but it's considerable of a ja'nt from hyar no matter how you git thar."—Harper's Bazar.

It Looks "Queer."

Smith—Do you know that our Government encourages counterfeiting?

Jones—Why, of course not. What do you mean?

Smith—Well, anyway, it employs a lot of Congressmen to pass bad bills.

The wise wife will see that her husband's life is well insured before beginning to practice economy by discharging the cook.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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